VOL. V, NO. 18.} GREENSBORO, N. C., MAY 5, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 222.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Alien's Grave.

BY IVA.

The leaves of the wild-wood are budding and green,
The moon wantons gaily in silvery sheen,
Revealing the glory, the beauty, the might
Of those giants of day—those goblins of night,
The ivy-clad monarchs of forest and glen—
The throne of the eagle, the perch of the wren—
Those time scorning oaks, all heary with moss,
With sturdy arms reaching the valley across,
Now dipping their leaflets with exquisite thrill
In the limpid outgushings of many a hill,
Then, quivering with life 'neath the reddent gale
Fling moisture to gems of the mountain and vale!

'T is musical Night! Creation is stirred
With the tune breathing sleep of each insect and bird.
The grass waving gently, in whispering tone
Sighs peace to the spirits that haunt the grey stone—
The cold marble column whose glistening head
Seems the sheeted contour of the beauteous dead,
Whose once buoyant form, thus seeming to brook
The weight of the sod in the close-coffined nook,
Uprises to knock at each neighboring mound
And hail the grim spectres that start from the ground—
Thus the tapering monument harrows the soul
In seeming to stalk like a wandering ghole.

In a spot like to this, where the wicked and wise
Repose on that mother, who never replies—
In a spot like to this where the verdure is sweet,
Where death has his kingdom—the lover his seat,
Where Terra remorselessly clasps to her breast
The brave man and coward, the worst and the best,—
Here slumber in meekness, here pillowed in dust
Are those traces of splendor.—that womanly bust
Which erst were the pride of admiring throngs—
(How little they recked of her numberless wrongs!)
Her story is sadness—her life had no gleam
Of that sunshine, which softens mortality's dream;
Her course is a mystery none may disclose—
The more one would solve it, the dimmer it grows.
A halo was thrown o'er each action and grace—
She won by her goodness—she blessed with her face.
Oh Heaven! how wondrously lovely was she,
Lone child of a sorrowful deep mystery!
Who was she—the orphan? She went as she came:
None living can tell the fair wanderer's name,
Not e'en the neat marble which springs from the earth,
Sheds one glimmering ray on her fortune or birth—
But these sorrowful words all our sympathy crave:
"Kind stranger, one tear at the Alien's Grave!"

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

My Early Sorrow.

BY MABEL LANSING.

How often is it that the best and strongest of us feel to repine? How often while treading the path of life do we become weary and heart-sick? How often do we, exhausted and discouraged, almost sink down feeling that of a truth fate is against us: and in bitterness of spirit—are tempted to say if there is justice in Heaven, if God is the kind and merciful being we are taught to think him, surely he would not allow us to be so afflicted, surely the path of life would be made smooth to our sore feet. Our hearts, longing as they always are for love and sympathy would not be denied even so much as a bird or flower to call our own. Our eyes that love to gaze upon things fair and beautiful would not be pained by sights coarse and vulgar, and our spirits that delight to soar aloft and hold communion with the Infinite, would not be chained here to things low and groveling. And feeling thus, do we not sometimes (I have done it) reach out our hands as if to some spirit friend and long to see the world of angels, long to be freed from earth, long for the time to come when we shall be changed, "when this corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality?"

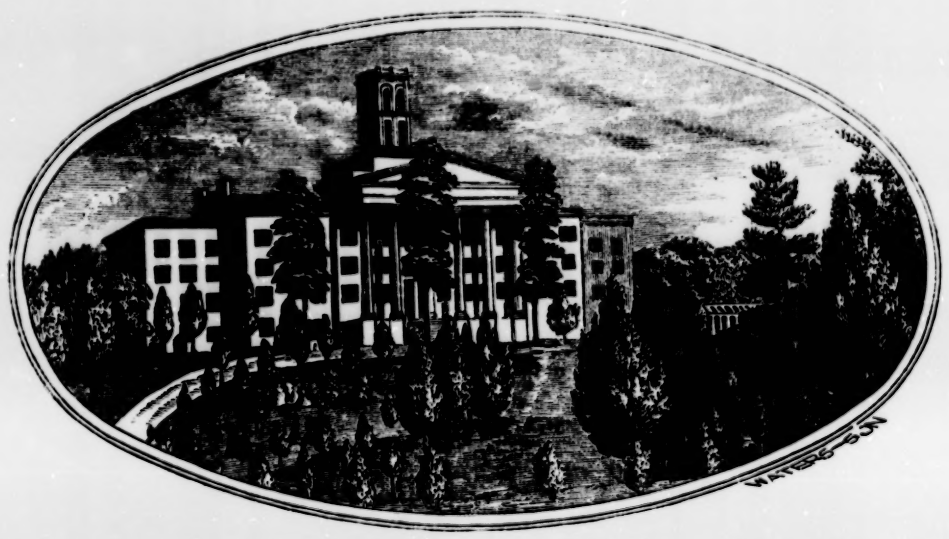
I was almost an orphan: and indeed more helpless and friendless than many an orphan child. I had life's comforts, but what were they to me when all I cared for was love and loving ones? I had been used to going to sleep with my head resting upon my mother's bosom, but now in a little room, neat and pretty to be sure but so lonely, so desolate and drear! I would lie for hours and watch the shadows that flitted upon the wall and wonder if the cricket sung all night and if the robin never slept, for I was sure that often in the stillness of midnight I heard him chirp. I felt so friendless and alone that hot tears would wet my pillow though I tried hard to keep them back. And in the morning they would say: "See what red cheeks Maby's got. A perfect picture of health isn't she?" But they did not know how hard my head ached all the time.

I wished no more leisure than I had, I wanted nothing but some one to love me. And often when we were riding in the carriage I would almost lay my head down on the woman's lap whom I called mother and ask her to love me like as my own mother used to, but the cold look of her dark eye kept me from her.

Once, I remember it as if it were yesterday, she sent me for a basket of chips. I went cheerfully; for I loved to breathe the pure air of heaven and dreamingly gaze upon the ever varying face of Nature. But when I had, on my way back, got part way up the hill which was high and steep my arm trembled, my nerves relaxed and I almost dropped my burden. I determined to persevere though my heart was growing sick. I clasped my hand tighter around the handle and went on. Sicker and sicker my heart grew, weaker and weaker my arm seemed. I trembled violently. "Oh!" said I to myself "I ought to be able to carry this. It's but a small market basket and I was nine last summer. I feel so sad is the reason." And I looked up to the sky to see if there was not something there beautiful to cheer me.—But black threatening clouds covered the heavens. I then threw back my bonnet and looked around to see if the clouds were not somewhere broken, but no, all was dark and drear. No blue sky, no ray of sunlight broke the pall-like gloom above me, and I said "dreary, dreary, Oh! my life is dreary. There is nothing beautiful to cheer me." But just then a hope came to my heart and I looked to the broad fields that were stretched out before me. But they were stripped and naked. Not a flower, not a green spear of grass was to be seen anywhere. And then a chilling blast blew full into my face bringing with it a few flakes of snow; for it was late in October and in a cold northern clime too. I was chilled. My hands ached with the cold and I said in my heart: "God is not merciful. Earth is dark and dreary. There is nothing beautiful for me. Oh!" and I sunk or half fell to the ground. "Nothing beautiful for thee!" a voice seemed to whisper in my ear, and a snow flake fell down and rested upon a spear of grass before me. I looked at it. "Ah! this *this*, is beautiful!" I said, and well I might, for it came dancing down as if on purpose for me to gaze upon, and like a star it looked, that white flake of snow with a dot in the middle from which went out six little rays, fine and delicate. I reached out my hand to take it but drew it back knowing that in my grasp it would melt and loose its beauty. "I am not good enough to hold such a beautiful star-flake. How simple I am. Earth is not so dreary as I thought. It is my discontented heart that makes all seem so dark. 'God is merciful. It is man that is unmerciful,' mother used to tell me so. I will try and be happy," I said, and I looked upon the star-flake a long time; yet would not stoop low lest my breath should melt it and I, thereby destroy the light that had cheered me so much. Then cheered and strengthened I took up my basket and went up the steep hill-side thinking no more of the burden I had to bear.

That hour I had learned that in spite of circumstances we may be happy if we will, that life is what we choose to make it and while doing what my hands were unused to, while knowing and realizing—as well as a child could—that a mother's love and care could never be mine, that friendless and alone, as it were, I must pass through earth, I was happy and contented; for there was a light within my heart. I felt that an angel was hovering over me. I did not know then what it meant but do now, and often feel the same flow of peace that raised my spirits then.

Years have rolled away since that day.—Sometimes my path has been "rugged and sore," but I often think of the star flake that came to me so long ago and of the lesson I learned while toiling up the hill-side.



OAKLAND FEMALE INSTITUTE, NORRISTOWN, PA.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Old Letters.

BY ECHO.

What dear treasures are old letters,
What a host of joys they bring,
To cheer up the lonely hours,
Which grave time around us flings;
What a solace to peruse them,
After months and years have flown;
Even tho' the hand that wrote them,
To the spirit-land be gone.

They call up joys that long have slumbered,
Waken thoughts within the mind,
Which add pleasure without number—
Those we nowhere else can find.
Friends whose beauty time has withered,
Hearts, whom absence makes more strong,
Rise before us in those letters,
And forgetfulness disarms.

They 're the golden links that bind us
Stronger than mere words could do;
Mirrored in each line 's a pleasure,
Ever lasting—always new.
Time's corroding touch may darken,
But it cannot waste the sheet,
Sacred to the owner of it,
Over which the absent meet.

OAKLAND FEMALE INSTITUTE, Norristown Pa.—Rev. J. Grier Ralston, A. M. Principal.

This Institution was commenced on the 29th of October 1845, by the present Principal, in a room 17 feet by 25, with but four pupils.—Before the close of the first term more room was demanded and a wing of the building, as it now is, was erected. The room thus furnished was at once occupied and the building continued to grow, by successive additions, until, in a few years, it reached its present stately proportions.

As now arranged it is four stories high, 41 feet wide and 225 feet long, and contains 140 apartments.

The rooms are well ventillated, convenient and neatly furnished,—Heated air is introduced into all the halls and the entire building is lighted with gas.

Each story is furnished with water and ample facilities are provided for warm and cold baths. The chambers are mainly calculated to receive but *two* pupils each, while a few are fitted up for the accommodation of *four*, which is the largest number ever admitted to a room.

A building 41 feet by 32, is now in progress, which, when completed, will be devoted, chiefly, to physical exercise gymnastics and calisthenics.

The Institution is amply provided with chemical, philosophical and astronomical apparatus; anatomical preparations, specimens of Natural History, a cabinet of minerals, Maps, Globes &c., &c.

Its Libraries contain about 4000 volumes and its Reading Room is furnished with many of the best religious and literary periodicals of the day.

The Location is peculiarly adapted to the purposes of such a school. It is easy of access, being but sixteen miles from Philadelphia, with which it has connection by two railroads, almost every hour.

In healthfulness and beauty the situation is unsurpassed.

The grounds, which embrace eight acres, command in every direction a charming prospect, and towards the south overlooks one of the finest landscapes in the world. More than half of the inclosure, is handsomely laid out, and a large part of it densely shaded.

In the study of the Principal there is a Telegraph Instrument which places him in direct communication with the principal places throughout the United States.

Over $100,000 have already been expended in this enterprise. No expense has been spared in bringing the Institution to its present commanding position.

About 1500 young ladies have been educated here. Twenty nine of the United States and Territories, together with Canada, South-America, France, Germany and Greece have been represented in this school.

The plan of the Institution provides for the Physical, Intellectual, social and moral wants of the pupil.

Health is regarded as of paramount importance and is specially provided for in every arrangement.

Thoroughness is the leading characteristic of the instruction. No encouragement is given to devices calculated to foster the opinion that a pupil can become learned without labor.

Extravagance in dress and in the use of jewelry is discouraged by every proper means; while the most scrupulous neatness in personal habits is required of all.

On the Sabbath no calls are received and all are expected to attend Public Worship at such places as their parents may prefer. When no particular preference is expressed, they accompany the family of the Principal to the Presbyterian church.

It is the aim of the Institution to cultivate in every pupil a proper reliance on herself a love of pure morality and a right appreciation of the responsibilities which her relation to time and eternity involves.

Maxims of Washington.

Use no reproachful language against any one—neither curses nor revilings.

Be not too hasty to believe lying reports to the disparagement of any one.

In your apparel be modest; and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than to procure admiration.

Associate yourself only with men of quality, if you esteem your reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is the sign of a tractable and commendable spirit; and in cases of passion admit reason to govern.

Use not bad and frivolous things against grown and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

Speak not doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; nor of melancholy things, as death or wounds; and if others mention them change, if you can, the discourse.

Break not a jest when none take pleasure in mirth.

Laugh not loud, nor at all without occasion.

Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous—the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

Keep to the fashions of your equals, such as are civil and orderly, with respect to time and place.

Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too harshly, but orderly and distinctly.

Florida.

Prof. STEUCKRATH writes as follows to De Bow's Review:

"The town of Quincy was laid out in 1825 by Dr. D. L. White, now a resident, about four miles from the courthouse. It has been celebrated for its schools, and also for the enjoyment of health. Northern invalids have chosen it in preference to a more exposed situation on the coast. Its distance from the capital is about twenty-two miles; and about forty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. St. Marks is its shipping point, although it has access to Apalachicola by the Apalachicola river, which is distant only twenty miles. The streets are laid out at right angles, and the main streets are all eighty feet wide. The population is from one thousand to twelve hundred. The public buildings consist of a Court-house Market house, Methodist, Episcopal, and Presbyterian churches, the Academy premises, and Masonic Hall. The Court-house is a commodious and neat edifice, with wings which contain fireproof walls for the preservation of the records of the court. The business here is now limited, though formerly it was very large; upon which there are nine resident lawyers of fair reputation dependent. There are also six reputable physicians, whose practice extends throughout the county and adjacent country. Gadsden county is the principal tobacco region of the State. Large quantities of the leaf-tobacco, for wrapping cigars, are made in this county to the amount of from $200,000 to $300,000 per year. Most of this tobacco is principally sold in the town of Quincy to the agents of the German houses who congregate here for the purchase directly from the planters. This staple being sold for 'cash' brings in a large amount of ready money before the cotton crops can be made available. The cultivation of this article has exerted a fine moral influence upon the lower classes of society, from the fact, that needing but little capital, it has stimulated their ambition to accumulate and render themselves respectable. In other countries children are considered an incumbrance to the poor man, but here they constitute the basis of his fortune, which is abundantly illustrated by many living examples throughout the country. Many men who could scarcely make a living for their families in 1830, when the culture of the Florida leaf-tobacco was introduced by three Virginia gentlemen, Jos. Smith, Wm. S. Gupen, and Harris T. Wyatt, are now men of large wealth. Besides this tobacco, Gadsden county produces a large quantity of both the long and short staple cottons, which sustains a large mercantile business, conducted by about a dozen establishments. The planters are making generally as much sugar and syrups as are necessary for domestic consumption.

"The town is situated on elevated ground, surrounded by numerous hills, giving to it the appearance of an up country village.

"An arrangement has just been made by which the Pensacola and Georgia Railroad is to be extended to this town on its way westward, which will facilitate and advance the business prospects of the place. This is also the point at which it is contemplated to form a connection with Albany, in Georgia, the present terminus of the road from Macon. If the present scheme of internal improvement is carried out, Quincy will be the point for the junction of the Georgia and Florida Railroad connections."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Leave Me Alone!

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Oh, hush your joyous laughter,
Speak low your joyous words—
A spell of weird-like mystery
This forest river girds!
The depth and gloom are dear to me—
I love those solemn shades,
Where not a thought of worldly things
The dumb-struck soul invades!
The leaves are still with listening,
The winds no longer moan—
A hush crowns Nature's forehead—
Oh, leave me here alone!

Leave me to calm and silence,
I'd gaze around unseen;
The green woods wear their glory robes,
Earth's bosom is serene;
Grand, solemn thoughts are on me—
Oh, let me drink my fill—
In silent awe and rapture
My fluttering heart be still!
Soul! bow in voiceless wonder!
Bow low to Grandeur's nod!
Thrice holier seems my spirit
Alone with Thee, my God!

A pure, great shroud of calmness
Falls from the hills of Peace;
The voice of One, Almighty,
Bid anguished sorrow cease—
The pearl-lined clouds of mercy
Hang lowing from the sky,
The deep majestic river
Sweeps, hoarsely foaming by!
Here on this rocky headland,
This battlement of stone,
Gay spirits, let me wander—
Oh, leave me here alone!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Hollister's Trotter,
OR
AN INVOLUNTARY EXHIBITION.

BY M. G. J.

"Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.
But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to *trot*
Which galled him in his seat."
JOHN GILPIN. COWPER.

Daniel McNab was a native of North Carolina, of Scotch extraction. He was tall, raw-boned, sandy-haired and blue-eyed. He was ludicrously awkward, and nothing but the most inordinate conceit could have saved him from acute suffering, for, though sensitive, this preserved him often from the consciousness of ridicule; and fortunate for others, too, was it so, for, when aroused, he was not slow to strike. He matriculated at the College of New Jersey in the year 18—. It was soon after that I first made his acquaintance. In the rapidity of his growth he had outrun his strength: his sleeves were too short for his arms; and he had thrust his legs so far through his pantaloons that straps alone, tightened to the utmost tension, kept them upon terms of tolerable intimacy with the tops of his boots. His coat was an old-fashioned, blue swallow tail, whose extravagant collar, if erected, would have completely concealed his head. He was, however, to be just to him, though rough and as yet unpolished, a diamond of the first water. He stood high as a scholar; was regular in his attendance at Chapel; of blameless morals; honest and brave. Such foibles as he had were hereditary—his frugality, his exalted opinion of the excellence of the race of McNab. He was devoted in his attachment to North Carolina and North Carolinians; and ever ready to throw his mantle over their poverty, ignorance or nakedness. North Carolina, at the period of which I write, was pretty generally regarded as the Bœotia of the Confederacy. Even Southern wits and witlings who confessed for her a lurking affection seldom lost an opportunity of attack. Dan always regarded such assaults as personal; and manfully repelled them. As he warmed in the wordy combat, he would make the most *astounding* assertions of wealth, refinement, culture, genius, art, and science, unknown to *outside barbarians*. He had the honor of his home at heart; and as little scrupled at the means of maintaining it as the seneschal of the Master of Ravenswood. When a plump, round fib would alone answer the purpose, out it came, without the slightest hesitation or compunction. Sins such as this were the sole spots upon his character; and doubtless these were excused by him, as in the nature of a "pia fraus."

McNab had resided some months at Princeton when, upon a certain Friday evening, several young men from the South entered his chamber; rebuked him for his close application to his books; and proposed a ride to Trenton the coming day. Mac's fingers closed about his purse: its shrunken dimensions said "no," and Mac boldly echoed "no!"

"Dan," said a purse-proud, little fellow from a *cotton State*, "perhaps, you haven't got the *pecuniam*? If so, speak up!—I can, and will supply all you need."

Dan fired up in a minute. What he, one hundredth cousin to the Laird of McNab, suspected of beggarly poverty! The thought was torture. His face flushed red as a turkey-cock's gills: his heart swelled with indignation. As he stood for a moment with his head thrown back, silent, and motionless, he was fully as dignified and imposing as Judge Blank upon the bench, or a Muscovy-drake in a shower of rain. At last he spoke:

"I am not an object of charity, Sir, I will go. If you have more money than brains, husband your resources—the time may come when the redundance of the latter may be needed to cover the dearth of the former."

After breakfast, next morning, the party assembled in the stable-yard of the Mansion-house. Now Dan's legs were stiff, and unbending—his walk, slow and deliberate as beseemed his gravity, like the progression of the tongs, when Master Jemmy makes that useful implement march at the head of Fan's and Annie's nondescript soldiers. Of course, he was last at the "rendez-vous." To his chagrin he discovered that every horse was engaged with the single exception of *the trotter*. "Cotton-State" remarked,

"I say, old Rip, you must stay at home;—but you can review 'catalectics' and 'hyper catalectics;' 'binomials' and 'polynomials;' and kill time by chasing the ghost of 'vanishing fractions.' *You* might as well try to ride a streak of lightening as *the trotter*." Dan was enraged: he replied, that he never abandoned a resolution once formed; and that it would be difficult to find a North Carolinian who did not own a horse, and had not been accustomed to back one from his earliest child-hood. He would have the *trotter*. The proprietor remonstrated: he said,

"You can have the horse, Mr. McNab, but I advise you not to take him: in the first place, I don't think you can hang on: and, in the second, if you do, you will be so shaken that you will jerk and quiver and nod, like a paralytic, until next Xmas."

Dan was inflexible. The steed was now brought out: he was a gaunt, long-legged, vicious looking animal, with an irritable switch of the tail, and a sinister eye. As the equestrians mounted the hostler, scratching his head, cried out,

"Ta' care young 'un that ere critur's ben to Philade'phy, 40 miles in three hours."

The trotter, at first, behaved very decently, though he did lift his legs rather high, as if stepping over barrels. Dan's seat was tolerable, if not pleasant: he, indeed, enjoyed the unusual recreation; admired the scenery; was exhilerated by the fresh air; and jested and laughed with his comrades. Alas! when least expected there is a Nemesis behind us. A Jersey wagon, ladened with tin, just as about one third of the distance was accomplished, drove rapidly up with a stunning rattle and terrible tintinnabulation. The trotter pricked up his ears, switched his tail, nervously, right and left; and shot forward like a bolt from Robin Hood's bow—"Wo! wo!" shouted Dan. He might as well have bid "the main-flood bate its wonted tide." He wrapped the reins around his arms, and pulled lustily: the harder he pulled, the faster went his nag. Companions were soon out of sight; his hat lost, straps broken, and pantaloons above the knees, hair blown about in every direction, and face blazing like a furnace, from excitement. Unfortunate Dan! "infelix terque, quaterque!" onward sped the brute. With neck outstretched, like that of a wild goose, he verily, seemed to *fly*. Behold them now in Trenton with unabated speed; dogs barked, hogs squealed, men swore, heads popped out of windows, boys dashed out of alleys, and dwellings and stores, some exclaimed "there goes the Express"—some "Go it boots"—some "knock him off his horse"—and others "Damn him, shoot him!" Never before, since *the* War had there been such confusion, shouting, laughing, swearing, fun, terror, and turmoil in the quiet capital of Jersey.

Dan was sadly perplexed. To leap from his seat would not only be attended with danger, but be also a confession of fear. He knew that at right-angles to his path, flowed the Delaware. His heart beat a little faster than usual, still it was a brave heart, and he resolved wherever the horse went he there, too, would go. At this moment the horse, wheeling abruptly, darted through a stone arch-way, into a stable-yard. Then suddenly halting, his rider was pitched over his head. Turning a somerset, that would have excited the envy of an Acrobat, Dan alighted safely upon a pile of straw, and dirty litter, which, if not redolent of lavender, was at least soft as a cushion.—Some seconds elapsed before he recovered his presence of mind; he then rose, and looked around: *the trotter* was quietly feeding at a stall with which he had been familiar for years. A wiser and a sadder man, Dan directed his steps to the adjoining inn. Fortunately it was the very one selected by his friends. Good food, and good wine did much to restore his good humor; but when his companions returned to College, in the evening, he would not accompany them. He was, hower, the very next day at morning prayers, and the horse restored to his owner. How Dan managed to affect a return was a secret he would never disclose; and few who made the enquiry, and noted the flush on his cheek and the flash in his eye, cared to repeat it.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.

Singular Case of Monomania.

Mr. Editor:—There has just ended in our midst a very singular case of *monomania*, an account of which I have thought would not be uninteresting to some of the readers of the Advocate on account of its singularity. It is the case of a Mrs. Jane Gamble, a widow lady with an only child, and she married and living at some distance in the country. This old lady living alone, was singularly led to attend upon the preaching of the word during the month of March, 1858, which she had not done more than two or three times for the last twenty five years. She continued to attend church, Sabbath after Sabbath, until she became much interested upon the subject of her soul's welfare, and during a protracted meeting in May, professed religion and joined the M. E. Church. But being extremely ignorant of religious things, and specially of the evidences of a spiritual change of heart, she seemed to concentrate all the energies of her mind to that one particular subject.

In the month of August, she took up an idea from hearing a sermon preached in which reference was made to the prohibition of the Jews from the use of swine's flesh as an article of food, that it was wrong to eat flesh, and specially *swine's flesh*, and made a vow that she never would eat any more meat. She conceived that every hog that grunted in her hearing, and every gnat or fly that passed before her eyes, were so many tokens from the Almighty not to eat meat. In this way she lived for months. She then took up an idea that the Almighty had fixed her daily allowance of food, which was a small batter-cake at a meal. To this delusion she rendered a most scrupulous obedience and restricted herself to that allowance. She finally conceived the idea that God had interdicted her eating all altogether, and that he would keep her alive as long as he wished her to live, and when he desired he would take her away.

To this she surrendered herself without reserve, and with all that could be said or done by her pastor, her daughter, and a number of friends who visited her daily, she could not be prevailed upon to take one article of nourishment of any kind, and but a few swallows of water a day, although she professed all the time to have a most ravenous appetite. She assumed that God had interdicted her eating, and that he knew what was best for her to do, and that if she disobeyed him he would punish her. Various stratagems were adopted to deceive her and induce her to take food, but without success. Attempts were made to force her, when she would implore her friends in the most pitiable manner not to compel her to offend her God. In this condition she lived *twenty days* without taking one particle of food of any kind, until she wasted away to a mere skeleton, and finally died on the 8th inst., for the want of strength to breathe.

Upon all other subjects she seemed to be in possession of her ordinary intellect, and retained her consciousness clear to the last moment. She had but little fever at any time, but had freqent paroxysms of colic. Her death was one of excruciating agony. Upon the whole it was a singular demonstration of the power of the will, as a controlling agent in human conduct, and may afford a fit subject for the contemplation of the physiologist and the metaphysician. C W. KEY.

Eatonton, Ga., April 12th, 1860.

MEMPHIS COTTON SHIPMENTS.

Until recently Memphis, as a cotton market, was a mere pendant to New Orleans; it was little more than a commission agent for that city, collecting the staple and sending it on to aid in over filling the plethoric purses of the New Orleans merchants. The spirit of enterprise and the greater facilities at hand for the transmission of goods is gradually but surely changing this state of things. Within the past two years an important northern and eastern trade has sprung up here, and is rapidly changing Memphis from a tributary to an independent market. A very considerable portion of our receipts no longer goes down the stream of the Mississippi, but by way of St. Louis and the Ohio river, cotton is delivered at the mills of the manufacturers, our business thus coming directly into competition with the city to which Memphis had so long been a mere appendage and tributary. Cotton can be delivered to the northern and eastern manufacturer from Memphis in less time than from New Orleans; also, with more safety, the dangerous navigation of the Florida coast being avoided. When the yellow fever is making its unfortunate ravages along the gulf coast, and vessels from Mobile and New Orleans are subjected to the delay of qurrantine, then Memphis can pour, in abundance, her ample supplies of cotton into the eastern market.—*Memphis Appeal*

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Locomotive*, says: We are credibly informed that the black oxyd of Manganese, has been discovered in great quantities near Cartersville, in this State, and that a European company are now engaged in shipping it to Europe. It is used in making Chlorine.

GRAPE CULTURE.

The culture of the grape has attracted the attention of a few enterprising planters at Beaufort, South Carolina, and there are flourishing vinyards in that vicinity.

INJURY BY FROST.

The cotton and other crops in the west are seriously injured by the late frosts.

SINGING DURING AN AMPUTATION.

The Hampshire (Mass.) Gazette of the 24th has the following: "A little girl, less than two years old, daughter of Stephen Laughlin, had her foot caught under the wheel of a freight car, on Friday, and smashed so badly that amputation was necessary, which operation was performed Saturday morning while the patient was under the influence of chloroform. The foot was taken off at the instep. Before the operation was completed, and while the Doctor was stitching the wound, the little unfortunate opened her eyes, as she lay upon the table, and being unconscious of pain or of the operation that was being performed, commenced singing as cheerfully as if she was at play. It was a touching exhibition.

A UNITED STATES MARSHAL SHOT.

Leavenworth, K. T., April 23.—We learn from Topeka that Deputy United States Marshal Arms was shot dead by a prominet citizen of that place named Ritchie, whom Arms was endeavoring to arrest, on a charge of robbing the Post Office. No particulars are received.

A Corner for the Little Ones.

BY LAURA L., OF LANG SYNE, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE CORNER.

NELLIE'S LITTLE PET.

BY LAURA L.

I had a little bird,
With soft and downy breast,
And every eve he sung to me,
Before I went to rest.

I loved his soft black eye,
His sweet and merry song,
And he would nestle in my arms,
And love me all day long.

But soon his notes grew sad,
He bowed his little head,
His eyes grew dim, his feathers rough,
His mirth and joy was fled.

My little bird is dead!
His song I'll hear no more;
Come, Mary, see his little bed,
With rose leaves scattered o'er.

SABBATH SCHOOL INCIDENT.

I was reading one of my papers recently, and found the following Sabbath School incident, which I know will be read with interest by all who read "the corner for the little ones."

At a meeting at Exeter Hall, London, where there was a vast number of Sabbath school children assembled, a clergyman arose on the platform, and told of two little boys whom he had once known, and of a good little girl whom he afterwards learned to know. This little girl had been to Sabbath school, where she had learned "to do some good every day." Seeing two little boys quarreling, she went up to them, told them how wickedly they were acting, made them desist from quarreling, in the end, induced them to attend Sunday school. These boys were Jim and Tom. "Now, children," said the gentleman, "would you like to see Jim."

All shouted with one voice, "Yes! yes!"

"Jim, get up!" said the gentleman, looking over to another part of the stage. A reverend looking missionary rose and looked smilingly upon the children.

"Now, would you like to see Tom?"

"Yes! yes!" resounded through the house.

"Well, look at me—I am Tom, and I too have been a missionary for many years. Now, would you like to see little Mary Wood?"

The response was even more loud and earnest than before, "Yes!"

"Well, do you see that lady over there in the blue silk bonnet—that is little Mary Wood, *and she is my wife!*"

A BEAUTIFUL TRUTH.

I have been told, says a popular writer, by men who have passed unharmed through the temptations of youth, that they owed their escapes from many dangers, to the intimate companionship of their affectionate sisters. They have been saved from a hazardous meeting with idle company by some engagement of which their sisters were the charm; they have refrained from mixing with the impure, because they would not bring home thoughts and feelings which they could not share with their loving sisters. The remembrance of some warm, confiding, pure-minded female friend has saved many a youth from the snares so thickly set, into which, but for this, he might have fallen.

A FORTUNE-TELLING BOOK.

"I wish I had a fortune-telling book," said one of three boys, as they walked to the river to go swimming; "I want to know what my luck is to be. I've tried to buy one, but there is none to sell."

"I've got one," said the barber's son.

"Got one!" cried Bill Staples eagerly; "why didn't you tell of it before? Where is it?"

"Down at the shop," answered the barber's son.

"And it *does* tell what's coming to pass, does it?" asked the third boy.

"Yes, it *does*,"

"But how do you know?" asked the third boy; "you haven't lived long enough to know if it has told your fortune right."

"Why, you see it's a very old book," said the barber's son. "My grandfather had it, and it told his fortune; then my father had it, and it told *his*; and it all came to pass."

"It beats all," cried Bill Staples, "what a prize! Why don't you go round telling fortunes? You'd make lots of money."

"I'm afraid nobody would believe me," said the barber's son, humbly.

"Well, show it to us," said they.

"Come down to the shop to-night," said he: "come just after we shut up; that's the best time to read it."

"Sell it to me," cried Bill Staples; how will you trade now?"

"Can't part with mine," answered the barber's son; "but you can get one where mine came from."

"I'll have one as certain as my name is Bill Staples; but we'll come and try our luck with you."

"Agreed," said they all.

The boys were before time, and hung round the shop until every customer had gone, and the shutters were put up; then in they went. The barber's son asked them to be seated, and drew a little table out, and placed a lamp on it. Then he went to the back part of the shop, and opened a little trunk (for, as you may well think, such a book was kept carefully,) took it out, and laid it on the table, the boys narrowly eyeing him all the time. "There," said he, in a very sober tone, when he laid the book on the table, "there, boys, is my fortune-telling book. What it says is *sure*." The two apprentices scrambled to the table.

"*The Bible!*" they exclaimed at once, shrinking back

"Yes," said the barber's son, "that is my father's Bible; and it says there are but just two ways for you and for me to try our chances by in the world. One is called the 'broad way,' and the other the 'strait and narrow way.'"

Such a fortune-telling book they were not thinking of: but my young readers, it is the *only* kind that does not deceive us.—*Child's Paper.*

The Slavery Question.

Upon this rock the political parties split. As being of greatest interest at this time we give the following as the substance of the Cincinnati platform, and of the Dred Scott decision upon the subject as relates to Territories:

THE CINCINNATI PLATFORM.

1. Desiring the co-operation of all who regard the Union under the Constitution as the paramount issue; repudiating all sectional parties on slavery, whose purposes, if consummated, must end in civil war and disunion, and adopting as the only sound and safe solution of the slavery question, for the conservatism of the Union, *non-interference by Congress with slavery in State or Territory, or in the District of Columbia.*

2. That this was the basis of the compromises of 1850, and was rightly applied to the organization of Territories in 1854, and that by its uniform application to the organization of Territories and the admission of new States, with or without slavery as they may elect, the equal rights of all the States in the Territories will be preserved, the original compacts of the Constitution maintained and the perpetuity and expansion of the Union over the Continent insured.

3. "That we recognize the right of the people of all the Territories, acting through the legally and fairly expressed will of a majority of actual residents, and when the number of their inhabitants justify it, to form a constitution with or without domestic slavery, and be admitted into the Union upon terms of perfect equality with the other States."

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.

"The powers of the government and the rights and privileges of the citizens are regulated and plainly defined by the Constitution itself." "The territory being a part of the United States, the government and the citizens both enter it under the authority of the Constitution, with their respective rights defined and marked out, and the federal government can exercise no power over his person or property beyond what that instrument confers, nor lawfully deny any right which it has reserved."

The Constitution provides that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, and property without due process of law," and if Congress itself cannot do this and if it is beyond the powers conferred on the federal government, it will be admitted, we presume, that it could not authorize a Territorial government to exercise them. It could confer no power on any local government established by its authority to violate the provisions of the Constitution. And if the Constitution recognizes the right of property of the master in a slave, and makes no distinction between that description of property and other property owned by a citizen, no tribunal acting under the authority of the United States, whether it be legislative, executive, or judicial, has a right to draw such a distinction, or to deny it the benefit and provisions of the guarantees which have been provided for the protection of private property against the encroachment of the government. * * * And the government, in express terms, is pledged to protect it (property in a slave) in all future time, if the slave escapes from his owner. This is done in plain words—too plain to be misunderstood. And no words can be found in the Constitution which gives Congress a greater power over slave property, or which entitles property of that kind to less protection than property of any other description. The only power conferred is the power coupled with the duty of guarding and protecting the owner in his rights. * * * * * * It was not only within the scope of its (the general government's) power, but it was its duty to pass such laws, and establish such a (Territorial) government as would enable those by whose authority they acted (the people of several States) to reap the advantages anticipated from its acquisition.

FERNANDO WOOD.

Fernando Wood, the Mayor of New York, in a recent speech to the cartmen of that city, described as follows the means of his success in life:

It has been one of the secrets of my little success in life that I have never said "I cannot." (Applause.) I have always said "I would." (Wood?) I have done it if I could; and if I did not, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had exhausted every energy of my life and being to succeed. The highest position is as open to you as it is to any other man. The wealthiest men in this city were much poorer than any of those sitting within the sound of my voice. There is no man here who, at the age of twenty-one, was more poor, more obscure, than the humble individual standing before you. I do not speak in this manner because I assume to be anything; but I have been a working man, and I have earned my living in the City of New York by these hands. I am not ashamed to say it. Let every man rely upon himself. Do not lean upon others. Walk abroad under the great canopy of heaven, and feel that within yourselves is all that the Almighty vouchsafe to any of his children. You have life, energy, youth, and all you want is determination, vigor and indomitable perseverance.

Times' Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 27.

Public interest in the Charleston Convention—The Mormons—Japanese Embassy—Royal visiters expected—Primary Elections—Death of Major Lynch—Congressional—The Occultation of Venus—Health of the Secretary of the Navy.

Public interest here is entirely turned to the much-talked-of Charleston Convention. Since last Monday the telegraphic news from that quarter is literally "devoured" by all who take the least interest in politics; and though the greater number of prominent politicians have left us for the seat of the Convention, we have yet with us a large number of the "great men" of our country, at the present day. As you are much nearer to that now crowded city than I am, you will have the enviable pleasure of receiving the "latest news" in advance of the Washingtonians, and I am awaiting this week's number of the *Times*, with more than my usual impatience and avidity.

The old project of buying out Brigham Young and the whole Mormon interest in Utah is about to be again revived. The ground for this movement is to prevent the recurrrence of war and bloodshed, as the history of the Mormons in Missouri and Illinois shows they cannot, owing to their peculiarities, live on terms of peace and good neighborhood with contiguous settlements. It is also treated as a question of economy to the treasury.

The Embassy from Japan, which is daily expected to arrive on our shores, and which comprises among it some of the highest dignitaries of the Court of Yeddo, will be placed under the immediate charge of Capt. Dupont, U. S. N., who has associated with him in this delicate duty, Commander Lee and Lieutenant Porter, U. S. N., Capt D. is peculiarly qualified for the duty of arranging for the suitable entertainment of these distinguished guests of our nation from the fact of his having made himself familiar with the customs, manners, and dispositions of this class of people, during his service in the eastern seas, from which he has recently returned. When the U. S. steamer Roanoke shall have arrived at the New York quarantine, she will, in accordance with an action of the Navy Department yesterday, be ordered to Hampton Roads, whence the Japanese Embassy will be conveyed in a steamer to this city to be formally received by the President before visiting other parts of our country.

As it is understood that the Prince of Wales designs taking our magnificent city in the route of his intended American tour; Lord Lyons, Her Majesty's Minister here, is fitting up his handsome residence in the 1st ward for the reception of the Prince and his suite.

Primary elections for delegates to the mayoralty convention were held yesterday in the 2d and 3rd wards of this city. The former gives a preference for Bailey delegates by 50 majority, and the choice of the latter is for Berret delegates by 90 majority. This gives Berret the third, fourth, sixth and seventh wards, with one delegate in the sixth; 21 out of 35 delegates.

Major D. Lynch, of Pittsburgh, Pa., died at the Infirmary in this city last Sunday night, in the 67th year of his age. He was Postmaster of Pittsburgh under Gen. Jackson, and has for years been an able and prominent supporter of Mr. Buchanan. The President visited him frequently during his illness.

Nothing save speech-making on political subjects, has been done in the House of Representatives this week; no business could be transacted, a working quorum not being available. On adjourning last Tuesday, there were not a dozen members in the Hall.

The occultation of the planet Venus last Tuesday evening was watched with interest by hundreds of our citizens, and was considered the most beautiful celestial phenomenon it has ever been our good fortune to witness, and though the clouds were provokingly threatening, there was fortunately a clear sky around the two celestial bodies, (Moon and Venus,) just at the right time for observation, about nine o'clock.

Secretary Toucey, of the Navy, who has been confined by a slight indisposition for several days past, is much better now, and hopes to be able to resume his official duties in a day or two.

On Monday last, 23d inst., President Buchanan was 67 years of age, and Judge Douglas 47 years old. Q.

NEW YORK, April 25, 1860.

Methodist Church—Slavery—Lay Delegation—Dr. Cheever "preaching the word!"—Dr. Murry—Dr. Deems—Albany Pirates—Sunday Laws—The City turned out to graze—Large Church Contributions—Dr. Tyng—Dr. Adams—Falling off of Southern Trade, &c.

The New-York Conference, East, elected all its delegates to the General Conference, except one—favorable to agitation—ultra in the extreme of them; but by a greatly reduced vote from last year, only carrying the vote by two or three majority. The New-York Conference elected five agitators and four conservative delegates, and passed resolutions against the rule to exclude slave-holders from membership. The lay delegate movement is daily gaining strength. Dr. Cheever harangued last Sunday from "Northern Strikes and Southern Slavery," did not announce the chapter and verse. Dr. Murray (Kirwan,) and Dr. Deems of N. C. have both gone to the mother country, to rest and recruit, several other lesser lights follow in May.

The Albany Legislators have gone home, covered all over with shame and crime; it is but justice to say that the Democratic members are alike guilty of all the enormities of this unparalleled horde of public plunderers.

The new Sunday Law was enforced last Sabbath, and quite an improvement was manifest, as far as the *outside shutters* went, and it is hoped that a check, at least, will be put on Sabbath breaking, in this grand-mother of Babylon but if people are to be allowed to *serve their master*, Sunday will be at an end in New-York.

Our Mayor has been at home about two months since his term commenced, and as the city is governed at Albany, except the election of constables, it is now "turned out to grass,' at any rate it has no mayor, and is growing *green*.

Dr. Tyng's church last year contributed $34,000 to benevolent objects, and Dr. Adam's gave on one occasion, $14,000, the largest amount ever given in the city, at one time for one religious object.

Trade is about over, and the weather still cool. The average falling off in good Southern houses, in this Spring's trade, has reached from $10,000 to $50,000 per week, in the aggregate. So much for John Brown.

Yours, Respectfully, E.

BOSTON, MASS., April 24, 1860.

Pleasant trip up the Bay—Baltimore—Bird's eye view of the country—Fine scenery on the Bay—New York—Going to Boston—Cambridge and its belongings.

We had a very pleasant trip up the Chesapeake the other night, in the fine steamer "Adelaide;" the night was clear and beautiful, the Bay as calm as a lake and the company enchanting. Our first meeting on board was with a body of as fair maids as ever attended a happy couple at the bridal altar: of course the interesting pair were "the observed of all observers;" but the parting bell at last rung out, the bridesmaids left, their newly wedded friends and they commenced their untried journey of married life together. We hope its whole course will be as smooth and bright as its commencement.

At Baltimore we were again compelled to wait for nearly two hours, which remarkably interesting interval we, in company with a large number of passengers, spent in lounging about the depot and admiring the busy scene before and around us; a near approach to the City up the Bay brings out its beauties in wonderful succession, still increasing at every step. At last after a vast deal of "noise and confusion" we go flying past thriving villages, beautiful villas, cheerful farms, over wide rivers till we make a grand rush and cross the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace, get a bite or two of dinner and then, leaving the country behind us, reach Philadelphia. Here we wait admiring the distant City until it pleases our conductors again to put us in motion; from Camden to Amboy the route runs through a lovely country, towns, churches, farms all betoken an active and thriving population; unfortunately, the soil being very fine and dry, we were almost smothered in the dust. Generally this route is the most pleasant of the many which connect the two great cities; the sail up New York Bay is certainly one of the finest in the world: almost every foot of ground on either hand is occupied by villages; every height seems crowned by a tall church or by a princely mansion; the land is charmingly diversified by hills and wooded heights, while the water, crowded with innumerable islets and swarming with steamers and ships of all sizes, enlivens the bewildering scene. As we approach the Empire City, whose Hotels are palaces and whose merchants are princes, the eye delighted yet confounded, wanders over a confused mass of buildings, with here and there a tall spire shooting up to heaven, and the whole enclosed by an impenetrable forest of masts, which have borne hither the choicest riches of every clime. Landing you are saluted by a Babel of sounds and cries from innumerable hackmen, each intent on securing you for his prey; the prudent traveller gives his checks to the Baggage Express and wends his way on foot or takes an Omnibus to his hotel. As a consequence of our stay in the two last named places we were detained here and had to stay all night.

Next morning bright and early we were again on the wing, through a most interesting country; we crossed the bridge at Norwalk, the scene of a most terrible tragedy some years ago, rushed thro' New Haven and Hartford, caught hurried glimpses of the beautiful Connecticut, cradled quietly among its blue hills, lingered a few minutes at Springfield, where Uncle Sam makes so many gems, looked a moment at Worcester and soon our long train stopped in Boston; we had neither lost any time nor changed our seats since leaving New York, an example well worthy of imitation on some of our Southern roads, where we stop nearly two hours every day to eat.

Our arrival did not seem to create any very extraordinary stir in the "City of Notions;" we *therefore* soon sought the classic walks and quiet shades (that is they will be some three months from now) of Cambridge: this City is connected with its overshadowing neighbor by a horse railroad on which the Cars run every fifteen minutes until twelve at night. It has a very pleasant situation, adjoining Boston with the Charles river between; abounds in fine walks, shaded by the oldest of trees, not yet showing a bud, and would be a pleasant place to board only for one very strong reason, there are neither boarding houses nor hotels, except for the students, who fill up every hole, nook and corner. The place has very much an academic air; venerable colleges, churches and the tasty residences of the Professors are scattered all about. One of the first persons we met was Longfellow, the Poet, who is a Professor in the College; he is a large, portly, fine looking and genial gentleman.

Yours, &c., P. S. S.

The weather is very cold yet, with some frost.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, April 14, 1860.

Dear Times:—This is a beautiful City. I have 'seen the sights' in nearly every city in the west and north-west—in fact every city of any importance north of Mason and Dixon's line, and some south of it, during the last three months, and no one has suited me nearly so well as Cleveland. In the first place it has a most desirable location. Upon the southern shore of Lake Erie just in the centre of trade from the four points, it is fast outstripping Buffalo and Detroit, and is surely no mean rival of Chicago and Cincinnati. In the next place it has a most beautiful location. The principal part of the city lies high and dry above the lake upon a place which rises gradually higher as it recedes from the Erie shore and banks of the Cuyahogua river. All the smoke and din of manufacturing is down upon the Lake shore and much too far away to annoy the "nice folks" who live "up town."

Streets are the broadest I have ever seen in any city, and beautifully straight and regular The Public square is large and tastefully laid out, with a splendid fountain in the center, trees and walks and green plats of grass admirably scattered over it, and many fine buildings located upon the bordering streets Of these the Custam House and Post Office building, the Stone Church, and the new Court-House are the most noticeable. All the principal streets are lined with shade trees locust, maple, and elm, and all shedding a delightful coolness upon a warm summer's day.

The inhabitants seem to feel it a duty to ornament their yards to the full extent of their purses, and hence the city is a perfect orchard, a vineyard, and a flower garden.

Euclid is the aristocratic street and boasts some residences that are fair rivals of New York "fifth avenue" palaces.

It has several names besides that which marks it upon the map—"Forest City" and "City of Churches"—all very appropriate in my opinion. Churches are very numerous—nine upon Erie street alone—and about forty places of worship in the city.

Society is excellent, though I notice that even this beautiful place is not quite exempt from crime. I saw today a chain gang of "jail birds" at work cleaning the streets.—Two wore the "ankle bracelet" of ball and chain. Such sights should prick anew our failing virtue, and turn us away with greater loathing from vice and naughtiness.

Business is at present dull as in all other western cities.

Upon the whole I do not know of a more delightful place for a residence than is this beautiful city. The western tourist should not overlook it. He will find the Meddell or the Angier a *home* while he stays, and when he goes he will thank me for what I have told him in this letter. Yours Steadfastly,

QUEO.

Miscellaneous News Items.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

On Tuesday last, Ex-Gov. McMullen, of Washington county, Va., came near being killed in consequence of the mail train on the Va. and Tenn. Railroad coming in collision with a horse which he was riding, and which was instantly kind. The Lynchburg Republican says:

It seems that near Marion, in Smythe county, Gov. McMullen had crossed the railroad track on horseback, about 100 yards ahead of the train, which was running at the rate of 20 miles an hour, but the horse becoming frightened, was ungovernable, and managed to get on the track just as the train came up. The consequence was that the cow-catcher struck the horse, instantly killing him, but with great presence of mind Gov. McMullen, at the time of the accident, jumped from the horse's back on to the cow-catcher, where, securing a hold, he maintained a position until the train was stopped, and he was rescued from his perilous position. The escape of the Governor from instant death is certainly most remarkable, and is attributed solely to his great calmness in the moment of danger; all who witnessed the accident testifying that he was as composed and unmoved as if an actor in the most trivial occurrence.

IMMIGRATION TO MINNESOTA.

The St. Paul Times of the 17th announces numerous arrivals of emigrants at St. Paul.—It says: The last boats arriving at our levee have brought increased loads of immigrants. The Key City, which arrived yesterday morning, brought over five hundred into the State, a majority of whom came to this port. All the boats bring more or less, which, considering that the season is just commencing now, and that these are "early birds"—an advance guard of the great army of emigration—is truly gratifying. The class of emigrants, too, is an index of what we are to receive. They are nearly all of the rural yeomanry class, the very people whom we so much want to help settle the State and develop her resources.

DESTRUCTIVE MOUSE.

Thomas Hamilton, a storekeeper in Newport, R. I., having missed bank bills from his drawer for some time, instituted a search, and discovered that the thief was a mouse, which had taken away in all about $200; all but about $13 of which was in a worthless state.

The case of Capt. Fornham charged with piracy, in being engaged in the slave trade, will come up for trial, at Savannah, the 24th of May, at which time Justice Wayne will preside.

On the 9th inst. Mr. David Brumly, Sen., of Greenville, Tenn., was united to Miss Mary Ann Davis. The bridegroom was 73 years of age, the bride was 15.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN SPAIN.

In the British House of Commons, Mr. Whiteside called the attention of Parliament to the memorial from certain British residents in Spain, presented to the Secretary of State, complaining of the restrictions put upon the exercise of religious worship by them; and he asked whether the law of Spain visited with punishment a British subject resident in Spain for professing any other religion than that of the State, or for sending his children to any other than a Spanish school?

Lord John Russell said, we are continually appealing to the Government of Spain with a view to obtain permission for the British residents to have worship in their houses, and the repeal of some of the intolerable provision of the Spanish law. The penal law of Spain declares that a person who shall celebrate divine worship other than according to the Roman Catholic religion shall be subjected to banishment, and there are some other provisions of a similar character. But besides all these provisions it seems to be either the established practice, or, perhaps, the established law of Spain, that this law shall be put in force by the clergy, by their calling in the civil force when there is any infringement of the law.

There was a case some time ago of a child born of British parents, which was baptized by the medical attendant, who was a Roman Catholic. The child was buried in the Protestant cemetery, and the priest called upon the Alcalde of the place to have the child disinterred, and re-interred in the Roman Catholic cemetery. Mr. Buchanan exerted himself very strenuously in this matter, and at last prevented this being done. It is not the fact that Mr. Buchanan is at all indifferent to or neglectful of these questions. But to attempt to change the law on this subject is quite hopeless. The law is very bigoted, the Government is very bigoted, and the people are still more bigoted than either. But the Government and the civil authorities have no objection, by way of indulgence, to allowing, on the representation of foreign Ministers, in certain cases, worship to take place in private houses; and with regard to the education of the children, there would be some indulgence in that respect.

F. & W. PLANK ROAD.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of this company was held in Fayetteville the 26th ult.

The report of the President and Directors and the General Superintendent, showed the road to be in better condition than at any time within four years past; the company nearly out of debt and the surplus of about $3,500 of cash on hand.

The President and Directors were authorized to sell any part of the road they may deem advisable. This action was taken to carry out if practicable, a division of the road at High Point, and let the stockholders at and West of High Point become the owners of all the road west of that place, and merge the stock held by them, and the stockholders east of High Point become the owners of all east of the same. This arrangement was legalized by the last Legislature. If it can be successfully carried out, it is believed, it will result in good to both sections, as the road is too long to be successfully managed.

S. W. Tillinghast, Dr George C. Nowby, E. E. De. Schweinitz, D. McDiarmid, Jas. Kyle, Chas. Benbow, S. Boon, Jas. Martine and John H. Hall were elected Directors for the ensuing year.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board, S. W. Tillinghast, was elected President, Jno. M. Rose Secretary, and Jonathan Worth, General Superintendent.

TARBORO' BRANCH RAILROAD.

We learn that track laying was commenced on the Tarboro' Branch of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad two weeks since, and is now progressing very rapidly, at the rate of ¼ to ⅓ of a mile per day. At this rate the whole track will be laid within 72 days, or by the fourth of next July, as contemplated, when there is to be one big spree at Tarboro.'

A GREAT NATURAL CURIOSITY.

A wonderful cave has been discovered and explored in Kentucky, now known as the "Hundred Dome Cave." It is stated to be fully equal in attractiveness to the celebrated Mammoth Cave, not many miles from which it is located.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Geo. R. White of Eufaula, Ala., was accidentally shot and killed by Wm. G. Haybrook, of Washington county, Georgia, at Oxford, Ga., last week. Both are students of Emory College there.

DIVIDENDS.

The Bank of Cape Fear has declared a semi-annual dividend of five per cent.

The Bank of Wadesboro has also declared a semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent.

The Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Company have declared a semi-annual dividend of four per cent., payable on and after the 17th of May.

PEAS AND STRAWBERRIES.

We are indebted to our esteemed friend, Mrs. Williamson Wallace, for a mess of sugar peas, the first we have seen this season. We are also indebted to Miss Kate Caldwell for the first strawberries of the season.—*Char. Dem.*

ELECTOR.

Henry W. Miller, Esq., of Raleigh, has been appointed democratic Elector in the 4th District, in place of Paul Cameron, declined. Hon. A. W. Venable is assistant Elector.

Sublime matters treat seriously.

A ROBBERS' CAVE.

A robbers' cave has been discovered near Waloga, Ill. It is nine feet long, seven wide, and five feet high. In it were benches, and a book-case filled with valuable books among them a quarto bible. Any number of burglars tools were there, and also a pair of boots, singular in their construction, the soles being on wrong end foremost, the heels being where the toes should be! They were undoubtedly placed so in order to baffle those who might wish to track the wearer. There were stolen articles in the cave to the value of $200 some of which were recognized as having been stolen some months since.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

The streets round about the City Hall presented an interesting and crowded appearance this morning. The occasion which called together so much of the youth and beauty of the place was the presentation to the Wilmington Light Infantry of a new and handsome flag an offering, in recognition of their chivalry and usefulness, from some of the fair daughters of Wilmington, who are ever ready to commend by their smiles, and encourage by their presence our gallant citizen soldiery.—*Wil. Herald.*

IMMENSE FORTUNE.

A family of sixteen, residing in this city, had the felicity, a few days ago, of hearing that a rich relative had died recently, in Oregon, leaving a fortune of $100,000, to be divided among all of his immediate heirs, or their children. The Commissioner of the Court in the county in which the wealthy old gentleman died, informed the above-mentioned happy family that there were two hundred and one claimants, most of whom had furnished incontestible documentary evidence of the validity of their claims, and that after paying all expenses, each claimant would receive $350. The family aforesaid constituted one claimant. Each member of the family will therefore receive out of the $100,000 the sum of $21.14, will be remitted to them in Oregon money, on the receipt of their signatures by the Commissioner.—*Petersburg (Va.) Express.*

ISRAELITES IN SWITZERLAND.

Mr. Fay, United States Minister to switzerland, in a recent letter to Secretary Cass, says speaking of his efforts in behalf of the Israelites, there is a continual visible movement of public opinion in the right direction, and that in all probability the restrictions on them will be gradually abolished. The question has been before the Federal Assembly. Count Walewski has authorized the French minister to take every measure he may deem proper to promote the just demands of the United States in the matter. The British minister will cooperate, his predecessor having been instructed by Lord Clarendon to inform the Swiss Government of the sincere satisfaction with which Her Majesty's Government would learn that the disabilities of the Israelites have been modified, if not entirely removed.

ITALY.

The Cabinet of the new Italian Kingdom is to be composed of three ministers from Piedmont, two from the Romagna, and one each from Tuscany, Lombardy and Modena.

There are now 80 cadets at the Hillsboro Military Academy. The barracks will be completed by June 1st, and it is expected that the number will then be increased to at least 100. Under the superintendance of Mr. Tew this institution has attained an extended reputation.

A FACT FOR ABOLITIONISTS.

What will Spurgeon and Guthrie say?

The *Westminster Review* states that Whitefield, the great revivalist preacher, was at one time a slaveholder in Georgia, being at his death the owner of fifty slaves—men, women, and children—whom he left in his will to the Countess of Huntington.

THE LAST POPE.

There is, and has been for years, a curious tradition in regard to Italy—that Pius the ninth would be the last Pope; and in illustration of this, I will repeat an anecdote related to me by a friend of mine. Several years ago, in the Pontificate of Gregory XVI, this gentleman was in the Cathedral of Siena, looking on the busts of the popes that are placed, after their deaths, in a niche devoted to that purpose. Two empty niches then remained.

"Why," said my friend, "there is only room for two more busts; you will have to make some niches for those of the future Popes."

"O, no, signore," replied the cicerone, "they say that after these two we shall never have any other Popes."

Gregory's bust now stands in one of these niches; the other is still empty.

CHAPEL BURNED.

The last *Southern Christian Advocate* publishes a letter from Wm. K. Blake, Esq., President of the Spartanburg (S.C.) Female College, announcing the destruction by fire on the 14th inst., of the College Chapel together with the dining room and study-hall. Fourteen pianos were destroyed on which there was an insurance of about $1000,00. Large subscriptions have already been made to replace the building — The cause of the fire is unknown.

REFORMATION SOCIETY.

An association in Baltimore, Maryland, has issued an appeal for aid in the work of reforming abandoned women. This association is composed of married women exclusively, who listening to the promptings of duty, seek to reclaim the fallen of their sisters. The General Assembly have granted an act of incorporation. What they want now is means sufficient to procure a building suitable for a home There are, at the present time, twenty-seven.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....April 28, 1860.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D., WM. R. HUNTER, J. STARR HOLLOWAY, Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, Miss. MARY A. DENISON, N. J. C. WHITTLESEY, MARY W. JANVRIN, MI. LIE E. PABOR, INA CLAYTON, C. G. DUNK, ANN M. BATES, GRACE MILWOOD, Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON, ED. ST. GEO. COOKE, Mrs. C. HUTCHINS, GRIFFITH J. McREE, and others.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, R. G. STAPLES, STEPHEN F. MILLER, Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL, MATILDA C. SMILEY, FINLEY JOHNSON, LOTTIE LINWOOD, CLARA AUGUSTA, A. PERRY SPERRY, Mrs. DI VERNON, PAUL RIVINWOOD, Mdm. O. W. LAFFET Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS, JULIA SOUTHALL, Mrs. M. A. BRYAN, J. C. FITZ GERALD and others.

Summer Programme.

Besides the beautiful Prize Story commenced in this number of The Times, "The Pride of Vivian Gray," by Mrs. Denison, we respectfully announce to our readers an interesting "Summer Programme" of entertainment with instruction:

HELEN GRAHAM: A Thrilling Love Story. By M. GENIEVE.

RUTH WARREN; A Story of the Revolution. By LEWIS C. G. MILLAR.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE: or, A Volunteer of 1812. By MABEL LANSING.

CONESTA; A Tale of Forest Days. By ASHLEY.

GRACE MORTIMER; or, The Orphan Heiress; A Tale of American Life. By Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS.

It will be a pleasure to turn aside from the heat and dust and excitement incident to the political campaigns fast approaching upon us, to something so entertaining, fresh and spicy.

The publishers of The Times will relax none of their efforts to make every department of the paper as interesting as possible. tf

Hawks' History.

The editor of the Washington, (N. C.) Dispatch makes the following paragraph in a late number of his paper:

"The publishers of the admirable history of North Carolina, by Rev. Dr. Hawks, have recently presented a handsome copy to the Petersburg Express. The Express speaks in the highest terms of it. We regret that this work has met with so small a sale. A cheaper edition would have gone off better, we apprehend."

To this, the editor of the Fayetteville Observer, who is also the publisher of the work, makes a reply:

"The publishers appreciate the kindly feeling of the Dispatch, but would like to ask how a cheaper edition could have been gotten up. Perhaps, indeed, fifty or a hundred dollars (not more) might have been saved by using inferior paper; but then the publishers would have been ashamed of the work, and it would have received no countenance from a discriminating public. The cost has been in type setting stereotyping, paper, press work and binding—nothing else. These could not have been reduced, without making a discreditable book. Nothing has been paid for authorship—that was a labor of love. And yet the cost of type setting, &c., has not been realized. If the price had been less would not the loss have been more? It may be very convenient to throw the blame of this state of things on the publishers, but they decline to bear it. The fact is, that the work is cheaper, taking into view quantity of matter and style, than Bancroft's History of the United States, or Irving's Life of Washington, works which have the whole country, and indeed the whole world, for their field of sale. Upon what principle can we be expected to issue a work for a limited field of circulation at a lower price than those?—at a far lower price than the actual cost in cash?

"No; the truth is, as a Democratic Editor and gentleman wrote to us a few days ago, in reference to this very work, "One of the worst traits of our people is, they are slow to encourage home enterprise and industry and talent." That is one cause of the state of things which the Dispatch regrets. There are, for instance, a good many book stores in North Carolina, yet only six of them have ever had the book on sale; and we doubt if a copy of it can now be had in more than two book stores in the State, besides our own. Any trashy novel published at the North can, however, be readily obtained.

"We have no doubt that thousands of copies of the work could have been sold, and could now be sold, if there were any mode of reaching the people with it. But, as no agents could be found to carry it around, and even the book sellers generally have not thought it worth while to keep it, the Dispatch will see why it has met with so small a sale. We have no doubt at all that hundreds, and even thousands, of North Carolinians, have always intended to buy the work, but have not found it convenient to do so. We hope, however, for a better result when the 3d volume is published. How soon that will be, we cannot as yet say.

"By the way, we ought perhaps to state, that the copy of the work was not sent to the Editor of the Express with any view or expectation that it should be noticed editorially, but as an acknowledgment of a favor done us by him, we having reason to believe that the book would be acceptable."

Through the kindness of a friend, who lives entirely out of this region of the state, we were permitted to present in *The Times*, soon after the issue of the second volume, an extended notice of the work; but nowhere in all this section of the state have we ever seen the second volume on sale, or been enabled to procure a copy for our library. With the editor of the Observer, we hope for a better result after the succeeding volumes are published, and we are anxious for their appearance as soon as possible, to do justice to the subject.

Our Poetical Gallery.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

More than a year ago we opened this gallery of poetical paintings with some landscape views and descriptive scenes by the gifted artist-poet whose name again stands at the head of our article. The publication of a new and complete edition of his Poetical Works,* gives us the opportunity to commend his inexhaustible beauties again to the reader, and to hang up in our Gallery one or two of his charming pictures. No poet in this country exceeds Mr. Read in grace and beauty, in delicacy of expression, in wealth of imagery, or in true sympathetic feeling. His verse is always tender and exquisite, and instinct with fancy and imagination. But the peculiar charm of his poetry consists in the freshness and ever varying phases of his landscapes: his little bits of scenery, as artists term them. His power over words for the purposes of Landscape Painting is remarkable. The same field he delights to adorn at his easel he beautifies as he ascends the Mount Parnassus. The rural life and picturesque loveliness of his native Pennsylvania first impressed with a delightful distinctness the early imagination of the boy, and he has never forgotten it.

We have said that Read's poetry is instinct with imagination. Observe the appropriateness of the images in this exquisite quatrain, from "The Ariso,"—

> The linden, *like a lover*, stands
> *And taps against the window-pane;*—
> The willow with its slender hands
> *Is harping on the silver rain.*

This language of outward Nature applied to human feeling is more fully and elegantly illustrated in "The Closing Scene" than in any other of his poems. It is too well known to require here more than the repetition of one or two of its most exquisite images:—

> All sights were mellow, and all sounds subdued.
> The hills sang farther, and the streams sang low,
> *As in a dream the distant woodman hewed*
> *His winter log with many a muffled blow.*
>
> The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew—
> Crew thrice and all was stiller than before—
> Silent till *some replying warder* blew
> *His clear horn*, and then was heard no more.

This "*alien horn*" is exquisite, and thoroughly in keeping with the epithet a little farther on, wherein he characterizes the busy swallows "the *noisy masons* of the eaves." So also the "*gusty* sorrow," in "A Morning, but no Sun." And the sound of the bell in the same poem, that "falls *blurr'd* and distant through the shower." And the "*shuddering* breezes," when awakened by the report of a gun, in the fine poem "Linden Lane." And finally, the Summer's "*sultry wing*" in "Sylvia." The foregone conclusion is seen at a glance. Whole narratives are condensed in a single word, and one happily chosen circumstance or event by a certain representative quality which it possesses is made to take the place of a number. This is imagination in a high degree, and Read's poetry is full of it.

From the longest poem that Read has written, "The New Pastoral," we hang the following in our Gallery, without note or comment. Its beauties will be apparent to every reader.

> Now bloom the orchards, and the noisy bees
> *Sing like a weird among the sweety limbs;*
> The occupants of neighboring garden hives
> Are there in full communities *to mine*
> *The odorous El Dorado;* and the wasp,
> *Dropping his long legs like a flying crane,*
> *Lights on the flowers*, and with his ready sting
> Threats the intruder; there the humble-bee
> *Comes booming*, and departs with laden thighs;
> The yellow-jacket, small, *and full of spite*,
> Bedecked in livery of golden lace,
> Comes with the fretful arrogance of one
> Who plays the master, though himself the slave;
> And over all, the tyrant of the hour,
> The king-bird hovers, darting on his prey,
> And takes the ventured argosy of sweets,
> Then boasts his conquest on the adjacent branch,
> Where, *like a pirate hauled against the wind*,
> He waits another sail.

The long poem, "Sylvia, or The Last Shepherd," is a pretty conceit; a lament over the banishment of time hallowed pastoral scenes and things: cotton supplanting wool and flax; steam the farmer's warm and graceful boat; and last, unkindest cut of all, the mowers mowed into oblivion by the cutting of grass by patent machines. Alas, for the poets! Mr. Read has done well to glean the fields of pastoral imagery, for utilitarianism threatens to scour it with a steam horse-rake.

We have space only for two other pictures, from the shorter poems,—

THE RECOMPENSE.

> The bard whose spirit teems with love,
> That widens through his riper years,
> May wake a world to joy, or move
> That world again to tears.
>
> And when he wins a smile from grief,
> Or melts from icy hearts the tear,
> Oh, sweet shall be the calm belief
> That he has shed a glory here.
>
> And he who speaks as best he can,
> His songs shall not be said in vain;
> They on the thirsty heart of man
> Shall fall like needed rain.
>
> Like rain and sun in April time,
> That rob the winter of control,
> And *herald in the rosy clime,—*
> *The summer of the soul.*
>
> And when those fields of flowers shall be
> Like banners to the sky unfurl'd,
> The bard shall feel and know that he
> Has shed a glory on the world!

A HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

> Oh, Night! most beautiful, most rare!
> Thou giv'st the heavens their holiest hue;
> And through the azure fields of air
> Bring'est down the gentle dew!
>
> Most glorious occupant of heaven,
> And fairest of the earth and sea!
> The *wonders of the sky are given*,
> *Imperial Night*, to thee!
>
> For thou, with breathless lips apart,
> Did stand in that dim age afar,
> *And hold upon thy trembling heart*
> *Mesiah's herald-star.*
>
> In Olivet thou heard'st Him pray,
> And wept thy dews in softer light,
> And kissed his sacred tears away!
> Thrice blessed, loving Night!
>
> And thou didst overweigh with sleep
> The watchers at the sepulchre;
> And heard'st the asking Mary weep,
> Till Jesus answered her.
>
> For this I love thy hallowed reign!
> For more than this thrice-blest thou art!
> Thou gain'st the unbeliever's brain
> By entering at his heart!
>
> Oh, Night! most regal! most divine!
> Thou lift'st the spirit from the dust!
> God's best and brightest gifts are thine,
> All thine, and it is just!

The beautiful sentiment in the last stanza of "The Bards," betraying the reach and earnest direction of his best sympathies—

> I were content could I but be a flower
> Up at the feet of these—

Mr. Read has seen more, far more than realized. Content to be "a flower," that is to have a flower's perfection, he has nursed his powers thoroughly while yet in growth, and a nobler stature than he envied is his reward. J. S. H.

* POEMS, BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, A New and Enlarged Edition, in 2 volumes 16mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, Publishers, 1860.

The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

Dr. Wayland's Life of Judson—The Florence Stories—The Bible and Social Reform—New Juveniles—Forthcoming number of Blackwood and the Westminster—Hopkins' History of the Puritans.

Among religious biographies, *The Life of Adoniram Judson*, by Francis Wayland, D.D. possess a well-deserved celebrity. This charming memorial of a great and good man written *con amore* by a great and good man has passed through many editions, and is now the property of the eminent publishing house of New York, Messrs. Sheldon & Co., who are related to that city as Gould & Lincoln are to Boston; or Challen & Son, or the Martiens, to Philadelphia. In fact, nearly all the really important religious works now published are concentrated upon these leading firms. This Life of Dr. Judson, heretofore issued in two volumes, is now published without abridgement in one, and at half the former price—that is at $1.25—for its more popular dissemination. The career of Judson was eventful in fact memorable; it was passed in strange countries, and among various, often dangerous, excitements and circumstances; surrounding the memory of the man with a peculiar interest, and giving to the history of missions an importance that can only be comprehended by the study of this admirable memoir by Dr. Wayland. We could wish that this biography might be found in every family, for Dr. Wayland is not a man of an ordinary grasp of thought and intellect, any more than was Judson.

The same publishers, who are now monopolizing the world-wide noted Jacob Abbott, of Rollo memory, are now issuing an admirable new series of juvenile publications after the style of his celebrated Rollo books, to be called "The Florence Stories." The initial volume, "Florence and John," was issued at Christmas time, with flattering success, and we now have the second of the series, *Grimkie*, pursuing the fortunes of that clever boy. Hundreds of thousands of volumes of Mr. Abbott's books have been sold, and scarcely a youth of the new generation has not heard of or read some of them. *Grimkie* is handsomely illustrated, and is a delightful little story.

Messrs. James Challen & Son, of Philadelphia, whose favorite imprint in new books we have missed for a year past, have again entered the lists which they filled so worthily by the publication of those great works, "The City of the Great King," and "Palestine Past and Present," and have just issued in a neat duodecimo volume, *The Bible and Social Reform*, or the Scriptures as a Means of Civilization, by R. H. Tyler. This is an elegant treatise, characterized by deep thought, care, and consistency. Its design is to exhibit the power and influence of the Sacred Word in the enlightenment of mankind. The chapters on the truth and genuineness of the Scripture records are logical and convincing, and those on the influence and sufficiency of the inspired word ought to overturn the sophisms of the whole host of skeptics that infest the world. The history of early christianity is eloquently traced, the controlling power of the Bible on Society, and Literature is considered, and the proof produced that all human codes not founded on the Bible are defective. The book is really valuable.

The same publishers issue two of their little juveniles adapted to the Sunday School or Family Library. They are the *Ladder of Learning for Little Climbers*, showing how Play and Study may be combined; and *English History Condensed and Simplified for the Young* This little library series now numbers nearly fifty volumes at twenty-five cents each, very neatly illustrated on tinted paper, and not being sectarian, and adapted to schools of every denomination. Numerous Sabbath Schools in all parts of the country adopt the entire series.

Although the April number of *Blackwood's Magazine* has not yet appeared, (it will be published this week, American reprint of Messrs. L. Scott & Co., New York,) we are enabled to lay before our readers its rich table of contents. It opens with a masterly article on Wellington's career. This is followed by the following tales, essays, criticisms, etc.: Lady Hamilton; Our Position with China; Stabat Mater; Alison's History—which again receives a terrible scourging, with the knout fiercely applied;— Norman Leslie, third part of this delightful story, which we believe is from the pen of Prof. Aytoun; Poetic Aberrations; The Rulers of the Land; Our Worthy Friend Nap; What we have done for the Prince of India; and Parliamentary Duelling—just in time for some of our own scapegraces at Washington. By this list it will be seen that the number will be opulent in interest.

In about a week's time the usual quarterly republication of the famous Foreign Reviews will be commenced by Messrs. Scott & Co., of New York (Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia) with the publication of the grand old *Westminster Review*, for April. We always look with pleasure for these magnificent periodicals—especially the Westminster. That their character is not better understood is matter of surprise to us. It must be remembered that they are not made up of mere criticisms on books. Occasionally a book, as such, is criticised. More frequently the reviewer takes out the marrow of an extensive and tedious volume or work, and makes of it a single, readable, lively article. Ordinarily, however, each article is an essay complete in itself, discussing some topic of interest, and giving the very latest results of human thought and research upon that particular subject; and all this by the master minds, the great original thinkers of the old world. We would look in vain for a more profitable investment of ten dollars than in Scott & Co.'s fine reprints.

In Mr. Samuel Hopkins, of New England, the Puritans have at last found a historian adequate for his work. Some months since we referred to the publication (by Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, of Boston) of the first volume in royal octavo, of a history of *The Puritans, or The Church, Court and Parliament of England during the reigns of Edward Sixth and Elizabeth.* The second volume has now appeared, and fully sustains the high impression which the first produced. Mr. Hopkins is not a historian of the dry school. His volumes open with a dash and a glitter that reminds you of James—the G. P. R. of two horsemen memory—and the narrative flows so rapidly and smoothly that you are constantly troubled with the fancy that there must be a mistake somewhere, or that you must be reading one of the romances of that most voluminous author. So marked is this resemblance between the historian and the novelist that the London Athenæum opens a criticism upon the book with, "Have we two Jameses among us?" We commend the work as one of the most dignified histories of an important era and people ever published.

Messrs. James Challen & Son have in press a magnificent work on The Fruits and Flowers of Palestine, a work on the Culture of Fruit Trees, a new volume of travel, "Sketches and Snatches," one on Moral Science; and Mr. Bell's sometime promised volume on The Higher Pleasures of the Intellect.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co.'s list for the spring includes a volume on Aboriginal America by Jacob Abbott, a Life of Washington by Edward Everett, a pictorial history of England by Mrs. Geldart, and several larger works which we shall refer to again. J. S. H.

CONSTELLATION OF GREAT MEN.

The period of 1834 was a sort of Augustan age in politics. There has been perhaps never a more remarkable period in our history than in 1834. Gen. Jackson was President: Martin Van Buren was Vice President; Louis McLane Judge Taney, Gen. Cass, Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Barry, of Ky., and Mr. B. F. Butler, of New York, were in the Cabinet; while Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Silas Wright, Mr. Rives, of Va., Mr. Forsyth and other great lights, were in the Senate. At that day the House of Representatives was adorned by the presence of such men as John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, Millard Fillmore, Horace Binney, George McDuffie, John Bell, James K. Polk Edward A. Hannegan, Andrew Stephenson, Richard M. Johnson, Tristan Burgess, and a hundred others, scarcely less distinguished.

One of the largest printing presses in the world is used in New York for printing "Webster's Spelling Book." It is said that more than one million copies of this book are sold annually.

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

WRITTEN FOR OUR HOMES.

Domestic Happiness

consists in *little things*: How many thousand families, wretched and miserable beyond description, might live happily, but for *little things*. Kind words, smiles, and those glances which tell of the constant care of the husband and father, for his family, day by day, and year by year: the little noiseless actions, which anticipate every wish ere uttered—telling, of a love, not the offspring of a day; will almost invarably secure a happy home. And who will not say, all this is due the wife of his bosom. Did she not leave parents, home, and friends, for his sake? And has she no *right* to claim a reciprocal affection?

What base ingratitude then, to steal the roses from her cheek, and in return, give but the husks of true affection—to give the health and strength of manhood, to business, and pleasure, away from home; spending perhaps not one quiet hour at home in twenty-four, when not eating or sleeping. You may say it is necessary that you labor to secure a competence which she may enjoy with you. It is a fallacy: you cannot decieve the keen eye of affection; you love, and prefer business, or pleasure, to fireside enjoyment, and is it to be wondered, that the gentle, loving heart, at your side, yearning for kindly words of sympathy, with a perfect *agony* of longing, chilled by your indifference, sinks under it, and fades like the little flower deprived of air, sunshine, and refreshing dew?

A *real woman*, a *true wife*, would not exchange a parting caress, a kiss, or even a *glance, brimfull of affection*, from her husband, as he leaves his home in the morning, for a world of jewels. God made *woman* to *love, and be beloved*, and the man is not worthy the name of a man, who is not willing to deny *self*, for the sake of family.

But show me the man, whose life is a "living epistle" of love, and devotion to wife, and family; and I see a happy family. Men chase fleeting visions of happiness, wealth, fame, honor, or pleasure; which like apples of Sodom, turn to ashes in their eager grasp; while treading the very quintescence of happiness, under their feet, and die at length, lamenting an error discovered too late. Men isolate themselves from their families, and seem to think it necessary to maintain parental authority, by managing family affairs as if they were commanding an army, relaxing discipline, only to indulge to a most injurious extent.

Hence being governed mainly by fear, or at least, feeling that the Father has no sympathy with them, the children grow up with little real love for home, and soon learn to seek pleasure elsewhere, and many a lad may be seen sneaking home at midnight, and coming into the house by a back window, who, had he been made a companion by his father—been allowed to plant trees, and flowers, with his father's approving smile, or had a pony of his own, or had a father, who did not think it beneath the dignity of a man, to play at marbles, ball, or trundle hoop with him, half an hour in the day, and talking to him at night about his day's sports, or studies at school, assisting him with a kind word or smile, to conquer a difficult problem in mathematics, would, instead of being a thorn in his Parent's side, be a blessed support in his old age.

How much! oh how much need there is, for sympathy between parent and child. If the child's disposition, taste, and inclination, were made the parent's study—and what more delightful study can be imagined, than the growth of your own flesh and blood, and the expansion of infant mind—we should see fewer childless, and worse than childless, parents.

Above all ought we not to expect this of CHRISTIAN PARENTS? Yes! Where, "Bear one another's burdens," is daily acted out, each knowing *self* imperfect, expecting the same in a companion; each exercising charity toward the other, remembering they must soon part, but looking forward to a happy re-union beyond the grave, going hand in hand along life's rugged pathway: each willing to sacrifice self for the other's happiness: both bowing daily before a Throne of Grace, for guidance, and strength to discharge their duties aright; how can they be unhappy They cannot. Sorrows may come like a flood and afflictions like an avalanche, but the Bow of Promise spans the heavens and they live and abide in the strength of the Mighty God of Jacob. J. W. C.

Useful Recipes.

SODA CAKE.

One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, a half cupful of sweet milk, four cupfuls of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and two thirds of a nutmeg, grated.

COOKIES.

One cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of buttermilk or sour milk flour enough to make a soft dough, and cinnamon or nutmeg to your taste.

GUNGERBREAD.

Two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of water, five tablespoonfuls of butter, a piece of alum the size of a walnut, one tablespoonful of saleratus, one tablespoonful of ginger, flour enough to roll. Make cakes about an inch thick and bake at once.

GREEN GOOSEBERRY PUDDING.

Stir a pint of berries into a pint of batter, and boil or bake.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Mother's Prayer for her erring Boy.

BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.

In the peaceful twilight kneeling,
See, a mother bows in prayer:
Soft as mournful music stealing
Floats her voice upon the air;
For a loved one she is praying,
Who from virtue's path is straying.

Tears upon her bosom falling
Bathe the pale hands folded there;
Faintly now her voice is calling—
Father! hear my broken prayer,
Hear, oh! hear, my earnest pleading,
Heal my heart in sorrow bleeding.

Father! in my humble keeping
Thou didst place a treasure rare;
On my quiet bosom sleeping,
Lay a blossom pure and fair,
And Thy watchful eye beholding,
Watched the precious bud unfolding.

Father! though its tints of beauty
Filled my heart with purest bliss,
Yet I was remiss in duty—
Listen, Father, I confess!
Drinking from the fount of pleasure,
I forgot my priceless treasure.

Now its leaflets droop and wither
'Neath the sun of worldliness,
Father! come in pity hither,
Bring the power of heavenly grace,
Wake my heart to acts of duty,
And revive my bud of beauty.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Ann.

BY INA CLAYTON.

Ann is a perfect vixen
A termagant, a shrew,
Her waist is like a corn-cob,
Her eyes a greenish "hew."

Her heart 's about as tender
As an owl that 's partly "biled,"
Her dander sometimes rises
When she's a little riled.

Her voice is like a cuckoo's
Only just it aint;
The language that she uses
Would ill become a saint.

Her tongue it is no slander,
She lashes whom she may,
Her words amount to little more
Than a donkey's loud bray.

Oh, Ann 's a perfect vixen,
A termagant, a shrew;
Her waist is like a corn-cob,
Her eyes a greenish "hew."

Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE PRIDE OF VIVIAN GRAY.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER V.

A visit and the consequences.

VIVIAN GRAY had held no correspondence with the family of her only brother for ten years. He was rich, and lived in a style so much beyond her means, even in the first prosperous years of her marriage, that she declined all visits until a coldness had gradually grown up between them so frigid that they were as formal as strangers.

Still she loved her brother though she was hardly aware of the fact. For her sister-in-law she in reality cared nothing. She had once been a belle, was always extremely fashionable, and had mortally offended Vivian, years ago, by some sarcastic allusion to her pride and circumstances. Vivian Gray had hoped that through her children, she might yet rival her brother—and they were (all save one) lying in the grave.

It was mid-winter. The hills, roads and fields glistened in white light, fanciful festoons hung from all the naked branches—from the eaves, over the door ways, on the black porches—wherever a cottage was in view, the sparkling crystal had taken grotesque shapes; here of a face, there of a limb, so one might trace out any vagary to please the most fastidious imagination.

In a very small, snug room, leading from the kitchen, Vivian Gray had laid the brightest carpet the house afforded, (and that is not saying much for distinctness of hue or pattern,) she had brought hither and arranged old and shining furniture, and withal made a comfortable sitting-room in which, with little Mary, she might pass the cold weather. It was a pleasant place in spite of its look-out upon the shattered barn, once fragrant with high-stacked hay and clover, but now forlorn and dilapidated. To tell the truth much of its interior had been cut away for firewood, for Vivian Gray was very poor this winter.

She had fashioned over some of her own clothes to suit little Mary's delicate form. Day by day the blue-eyed child grew dearer to the widow. With her sweet, caressing words and dreaming ways she was to her now more of a joy than a pain, and very seldom the thought of her parentage gave her pain.

Still, as the little one grew older, she was not a child to be vain of. One would quietly love her without asking why, or what peculiar charm wrought upon the sympathy. She glided unobtrusively into the heart without craving much attention, yet mutely asking for a corner there.

Vivian Gray was in much perplexity Her pig had sickened and died just as he was in a good condition to kill. Her little hoard of money was fast disappearing, and at times, with silver on her table there was but scant food to place upon it. Thanksgiving day was near, and as yet, no prospect of a feast.

It would be a sad disappointment to Vivian Gray, for she had always commemorated that pleasant anniversary—and many family gatherings in olden times had met beneath that homestead roof. Pride alone kept her from sinking at the thought of coming destitution. One day she turned the matter over many times in her mind, and at last, placing the frock she was busy upon in little Mary's keeping she went slowly upstairs into what had been her daughter's chamber, opened the drawer of the antique bureau and took from thence one shining peice of gold of considerable value. With a sort of loathing touch she held it, gazing thoughtfully upon it—then all the sternness of her haughty character concentrated in the glance that shot across her features.

"No;" she exclaimed, aloud, "the spirit of my dead child would haunt me if I used that accursed gold. *He* gave it her when he left the poor girl in her misery, and she would have starved before condescending to purchase one loaf of bread with the money polluted by his touch. No—honest means shall buy my little Mary food, or we will live upon faith and cold water.

A heavy rap at the door startled her from her reverie. Well she knew whose it was, for many a mournful ceremony had made her familiar with his loud knock—old Jack Bradgis, the sexton. She hurried down. The man handed her a letter, saying:

"Something for you, miss Gray, I expects—a letter. You see son Sammy he brought it in town, an' you knows its a long tramp—so I jist waited to milk old Bess afore I fetched it round. Guess its from York—don't know, though."

"Yes, it is from New York;" replied the widow, looking at the post-mark and then at him as if she expected him to vanish, but he stood still, rather hesitating, now gazing at the sky, then at her, then at her feet.

Presently she said, with many a little cough between,

"Well you see, Miss Gray—hem—son Sammy he—paid a little su'thin'—'twan't but a trifle—but every little sort o' helps along in a big family, and I—raly wouldn't valley it—but you see son Sammy he paid the matter of a shillin'—'cause it's staid a right smart time over at the office—and—so——"

Poor Vivian! the blood rushed over her face and tingled in her ear tips. A shilling! she had not a cent, and should *she* avow her poverty to this poor sexton? Her self possession nearly forsook her. It was a galling smart to her pride. Fortunately she recollected herself, and catching her breath, replied,

"I happen to have nothing smaller than a piece of gold, Brodgis—but I won't forget you. I will send the change round, and perhaps a trifle more to-morrow or next day."

She would not have told the story of that gold piece for worlds—how a cruel deceiver had thrust it upon a broken-spirited creature, and bade her seek the home she had deserted for him. The gray-headed sexton nodded his acquiescence, but muttered, as he left the door,

"I don't know as nothing would take that high way out of her. If she was a beggar, she'd stand up to the rack jest so, and her father afore her. The old man used to be so powerful proud that folks said if death didn't make a 'pology for takin' him off, he'd knock him down. I raly believe the being terrors as the clargy calls him, *did* wait for some time, for he was powerful long, going. Snug enough, now, though, old 'Squire Gray—right in the next lot to old Seth Simpson, too; wonder if th' old men 'll speak together in th' resurrection mornin'."

Vivian hurried to her little room. Mary, roguishly laughing, was spoiling her work, clipping with the scissors and snarling the thread, but Vivian was too much engaged to notice the mischief that was being done. The sun shone yellowly in—the west was deeply burnished—and coming from the still cold of the outer air, the present temperature seemed most grateful to her chilled frame. Vivian grew almost lighthearted as she threw wood on the genial blaze and sat down (while the coals glowed with a redder lustre) to unfold her letter.

The signature was, as she had surmised—her brother's; but she had not read many lines before a deathly paleness overspread her cheeks. Covering her face with her hands she leaned back in her chair quite overcome.

For the letter stated that Beatrice, her only daughter, having deceased, had left her little child, then seven years of age, in the charge of the rich man, and he had adopted it. That Mrs. Gray, her sister-in-law, being in failing health, contemplated a voyage to Europe, and desired to have as little care as possible, therefore she knew no one with whom she could entrust the child with a better conscience. She desired to know if her grandmother could undertake the care of little Beatrice during their absence, however long it might be, stipulating that she should receive, monthly, a handsome sum to defray expenses, and as the masters who would come out regularly, were already remunerated, she would have nothing to do in the matter of her education.

It was a strange letter, neither cold nor warm—but its contents rankled in that proud, sensitive heart—almost crushed her. She had hoped—she had prayed (in self-lauded humiliation) that Beatrice might yet bless her with her presence, though she had said to her, "choose your path—go from me—let us never conflict again;" and this news of her death was a terrible blow.

So pale, so motionless did she sit, with crossed hands, from one of which the letter hung mournfully, like the faded banners of her hopes in her desolate heart, that Mary, who had been on the point of springing towards her and sitting on her knee, as was her wont looked at her grandmother wonderingly, and with finger on her lips, moved shyly all round the room, standing at last before her, mute and tearful, till terror made the tears come and she sobbed aloud.

To this outburst of grief Vivian Gray answered nothing—for nothing moved her any more, it seemed. She only arose, muttering that strange defiant expression "broken but not bent," with accents that proceeded from no common source, and, taking the child by its little hand she led it, shrinking and trembling up the narrow stairs, robed it in its white night-dress, made her repeat, between her sobs, "Our Father." Then without a kiss, or one expression of endearment, she left the motherless child to grieve herself to sleep in the chamber where so often it had seemed "all dark to her."

So she went slowly to the room below stairs, and sat down again mechanically. Her features assumed the rigidity of an iron profile.

Fold by fold the curtain of night shook out with its stars, from the drapery of the darkening west. The blue of the hills melted into violet and purple. Soon in the gray mist floating between them and the sky, their soft outlines were lost. The moon skimmered between rifts of broken clouds. It sent a thin, faint ray into the lonely sitting room. It mocked the stern face of the sorrowful woman and struck out her motionless form like a statue of bronze whose melancholy might make one shuder to look at.

Silent she sat with her own thoughts. She lighted no lamp. Nor heeded she how one by one the embers died out, and the ashes fell dead-white, like a shroud covering their fading crimson from their sight.

The chill air gathered the cold from the valley. Insidiously it crept in at every corner She felt not the cold then, nor till she was so numb that her feet almost refused to bear her weight.

The bell tolled 'one' from the churchtower. She heard it and saw three young brides moving up the sombre aisle of the old church (so still now in the darkness)—shining in youth, beauty and their rich, bridal dresses. She heard it, and again—she saw the trappings of funerals that ended in the old burial-ground.

As always in these awful vigils of thought, her children had been about her. As always, remorse, his spear pointed at her side, his gall on her lips, had stood close by her, defiant in mien as the angel of death—and like him as remorseless.

What wonder she tottered to her bed? and then dared not whisper her formal prayers. Was it not through her own sin that she was written childless?

A glorious morning succeeded. Vivian was awake at dawn, restless and unhappy. She did not rise till long after her usual hour. Only one thought solaced her—she was soon to behold Beatrice, another grandchild, who might restore sense of her lost hope. As she dwelt upon the thought, the little oasis brightened. Gladness, beauty and freshness lingered in sunny spots upon it. The timely compensation would enable her to pass the winter in comfort when she had been dreading the stern battle of want.

She wrote a few lines in reply. The proud woman traced them with her fingers trembling. Strangely enough, she did not commence with "dear brother" or "dear sister." The spirit of her note breathed the genuine haughtiness of her character. Had she been confessing a princely favor, she could scarcely have couched it in colder or more studied terms.

Her brother came not long after—a worn-out looking man with none of his sister's loftiness of manner. He had gathered wealth at the expense of a fine constitution. He drove a splendid span. Vivian met him on the threshold. He kissed her forehead, took her proffered hand and formally entered the parlor, taking no notice of little Mary who sedulously kept behind the skirts of her grandmother's gown, and then sitting in a dark corner, gazed at the dark-looking man with an unequivocal expression of fear.

After a long conversation during which he expressed little emotion, he described the death of Beatrice. She had blessed her mother with her dying lips, but for some reason of her own, did not wish her to learn of her decease at that time. Her husband had then been dead a year, and thus at this last stroke, the little Beatrice was an orphan.

Mary had crept to the farther corner of the room. Vivian called her. Her brother started as the timid little creature came slowly towards him. He was pleased with her gentle face and drew her nearer. The child came reluctantly, but bright tears were rolling down her cheeks as she said, with quivering lips, "My mother's dead."

"Poor child!" exclaimed the merchant, hastily bending down and kissing her white brow—something—a—not—exactly right—isn't it so, sister? false marriage, or something of that sort, wasn't it?" he asked in ejaculatory sentences, looking toward Vivian, whose lips were compressed. "Well, my little one," turning to Mary, "cheer up, we'll have a bright, merry cousin here for you to play with, next week—there, there; and here is something for you;" he placed a shining gold coin in her little hand, the glittering beauty of which soon claimed all her attention.

"I should like to go over the old house once more;" he said quietly. "I believe it is twelve years since I was here. I've been rather recreant to the memory of my childhood;" and he laughed a little dry laugh. Vivian opened a corner cupboard, took from thence a bunch of keys and preceded her brother up the wide staircase. Room after room they traversed, some of them nearly empty and dark, with carpeted floors and moulding furniture.

"This was our nursery, Vivian;" said her brother, as they entered the large, darkened apartment facing the south. "There hangs the old black horse and the hunter yet, just as it used to. That was my beau-ideal of a picture once, and the green frock has not lost a tint of its bright coloring."

"Unlike our hearts;" murmured Vivian with a cold smile—"it has retained its freshness. See—here is the corner where the plastering fell upon your head, and you were so nearly killed. We hung over you for weeks never expecting to hear your voice again—You can trace where the ceiling was mended."

While saying this, Vivian had moved towards a tall secretary and slowly unlocked the heavy doors. Her brother hurried to her side and looked in without speaking, as she pointed silently to shelf after shelf.

There were boxes of curious shells that had been collected forty five years before when they were children. The same mosses stained and crisp, curled against the delicate hues of blue and crimson. Fragments of whips and toys were laid carefully around with bats battered and points pointless. In another place a little family of faded dolls in ancient costume, leaned their unpainted cheeks against each other—and tiny chairs without backs, bureaus without drawers, tables with half a complement of legs, and scores of little, useless things that to them were once more than the treasures of Ophir, were arranged with every appearance of order.

There is surely something sacred in the treasuring up of infant toys. The rattle that dimpled fingers have closed over—the ring-elastic that ruby lips have pressed and tiny pearls of teeth indented—the little wheel-toy that was carried so triumphantly about the garden-walks—the miniature box in which have lain rubies and emeralds that after all were only bits of broken china, all these will start the fond tear at the recollection of so much innocence, contentment and beauty—when the plastic mind of the little child was a kingdom gaurded serenely by happiness.—And if that child has long slept in dust—some holy presence lingers yet about his little toys

The worn out merchant stood by Vivian, and looked long, earnestly, regretfully.

Like two statues they appeared, aptly resembling Time and his sister Change, musing over their memories.

Was there ever a period when these two wayworn, world-stricken beings were content to fill their little hands with innocent things like these, weave flowers in garlands and bind them about brows now all covered with the hues of weary care and earthly passion? The cap and feather, yonder, hanging with a wooden sword appended, did it rest once upon the head that had often since longed to be laid in the quiet church-yard!

Did the straw hat, so carefully preserved, its faded ribbons once blue and shining—sit jauntily on rich, dark ringlets, and bend over eyes brighter than the diamond, over cheeks whose flush more than rivalled the rose?

Where now was the brightness—where the pink lustre! where the light-hearted mirth!

"Do you remember," asked Vivian, softly, "when we were children I said I meant to keep our playthings till we two were old."

These words recalled the merchant to himself. One moment ago he had been shouting from the window to a school-companion—bounding after his little sister through the large room, a handkerchief tied tightly over his eyes while he personated the blind man of the game—or sitting in the favorite corner, eagerly turning the leaves of his picture-book.

He drew himself up as these sunny scenes faded. He was a man again. He had lost his trusting innocence—his upright form, his ruddy cheeks, his bounding health. He had gained a large but painful experience—a heap of long-coveted gold. Was it worth the fighting of so hard a battle, after all?

"I should like to go to father's chamber;" he said. He stood behind Vivian, and she did not see him draw stealthily from his pocket, a snowy handkerchief—press it twice, rapidly to his eyes, and quick as thought thrust it back to its place.

"It looks just as it did, when he died;" said Vivian. "I have neglected it sadly of late—it is full of dust." She shook, very lightly, the old, gray white curtains that fell from the posts of the antique bedstead.

A smothering cloud rolled slowly upwards and faded into the general mistiness of the room.

"Dust to dust," exclaimed her brother, in tones of deep emotion.

"Dust to dust," echoed Vivian, as their eyes sought together, the almost living portrait of their father.

"It seems as if I could see him;" murmured Vivian again.

"Do you remember mother?" asked her brother.

"Only a little. She was pale and beautiful, you were a year old when she died."

"And now I am almost sixty;" he said slowly.

They passed out. The door was locked, and they walked without speaking, into the room below where little Mary still admired what she called her pretty gold cent.

At last he was gone. Vivian stood with little Mary in the old porch, looking after the superb carriage, the style and glitter of which gratified her pride. As they entered the house, little Mary sang out—"I'm to have a new cousin, and *her* mother is dead too."

CHAPTER VI.

Beatrice.

PREPARATIONS went steadily forward for the reception of the little stranger. A nurse was sent from the city, who lightened labor as well as amused by her garrulous tongue. She never wearied of talking of her charge, and her 'sweet proud ways,' as she called them.

"I assure you she's the pride of a princes and every body stands round for her;" was the exclamation which Vivian Gray heard with a secret joy.

By the time the nursery was emptied of its lumbering furniture, came paper-hangers with bright and beautiful rolls of landscapes and flowers. With these they make the room look fairy-like to the delighted eyes of the child Mary. She never wearied of walking back and forth, calling the little lambs by names of her own invention, and the painted shepherdesses with unweildy crooks, "sweet ladies."

How she screamed laughing and dancing about when the great load of furniture came.

There was a dainty little rocking chair all covered with crimson flowers, and a little sofa that yielded downily, even to her slight form, and a beautiful gilded little table with marble ornaments—all for her. And such another carpet with its silken velvet softness, she had never seen before. Poor little Mary!

No words can describe the child's astonishment as she saw the multitudes of toys unwrapped and placed in their different compartments. Such mammoth dolls! dressed in glistening silks and satins—and that moved their eyes. Such beautiful, real furniture and a little house to put it in! Such quantities of picture-books and tumbling Jacks, and squeaking monkeys, and barking dogs! Such curious games in black and white ivory and gilt boxes with glasses in them! It would take a deal of time to name over the bewilderingly pretty things.

Mary did not touch them. They were entirely too nice, she thought for any one except the little mistress. They dazzled her eyes and bewildered her. She could not understand why she had always played with corn-cob babies and bits of broken china, while here were dolls of all conditions for this little lady-child, and different sets of real little cups and saucers. She had already learned to look upon her cousin as something very wonderful.

At last all was arranged. Every part of the old house bore the appearance of improvement. The blinds along the entire front, unoccupied rooms and all, were thrown widely back, and the fresh muslin curtains looped with tassels that had long been swinging in inglorious darkness. The furniture had been replaced in the parlor and lower rooms, and distributed more evenly about the chambers. The wide, grand old kitchen rejoiced in stainless walls, and a thick coat of varnish along its yellow floor that glistened in the fire-light, as if its surface had been gold.

It was noon of the first day in January. Vivian had lain the table for an early supper. Again and again had the finishing touch been given to the neat sitting room. A bright fire leaped crackingly up the wide chimney, and the sun welcomed the new year with his broadest smiles. Vivian and little Mary were every moment expecting Miss Beatrice who was to come in charge of the nurse—and the child was arrayed in her best. Smiling, hopeful—she appeared like a young cherub, her large, round eyes, looking as if she were ever in an innocent surprise, as they were turned from the garden to the road.

At last—"here she comes!" cried little Mary, and both sprang impatiently to the door. Vivian was in no less excitement than the child at her side. Swiftly the vehicle swung about; a pair of flashing eyes scanned the premises with childish curiosity. In another moment little Miss Beatrice was placed upon the steps and held warmly against the bosom of Vivian Gray. But the child sprang impetuously away, and without deigning to answer her grandmother's queries, ran into the house, through all the rooms up stairs and down again, before one could scarcely take breath. Then she entered the parlor, and with a little despotic air that became her mightily, stood in the centre of the room, eyeing little Mary with an imperious stare that brought tears to the lashes of the sensitive creature.

"Are you my little cousin?" she ventured, throwing off her bonnet and tossing it with a gesture of haughty carelessness towards the nurse—"because if you are, ain't you glad that I'm going to stay with you till next summer?"

"Won't you come to me, Beatrice?" asked Vivian, with her pride all aglow at the superior air of the little creature.

"No—I don't think I will;" replied Beatrice, turning her bold but imperiously beautiful face towards Vivian Gray—"yes, I will too—for you are my mother's mamma, ain't you?" she asked, nearing slowly towards her.

Vivian Gray pressed back the curling brown locks from her temples, and looked long and yearningly into the child's flashing eyes. Her mother's eyes, they were only not so wild and tender. The lips, too, with that fine outline that marked the old Gray family; the crimson so delicately cutting the pure, white skin beneath, and rounding up into such plump rosiness—the thin, uneven brows—the oval of the colorless cheek—all were so like her mother! She could not speak for the emotions of sorrow and tenderness that welled up more freshly than ever from that stricken heart.

"Say—are you my mamma's mother? say"—repeated the child with arrogant impatience—"and that's 'my little cousin.' I like her. What pretty white hair she's got! I should think it was silk. Won't she let me kiss her?"

"Mary come and kiss your cousin;" said Vivian—her soul filled with Beatrice.

The little girl came timidly forward. The embarrassment of her manner detracted some what from its grace: her cheek almost bursting with the crimson tide that rushed over her face gave a lustre almost unnatural to her tearful eyes. Beatrice threw her dimpled arms over her neck, and kissed her, exclaiming—"oh! I mean to love you dearly!"

The singular and capricious nature of this child, neglected as she had been, might be known from the fact that she had given all her rich toys, without reserve, to little Mary, before night, and taken them all back the next day before noon. But though thus impulsive she was really attracted towards her gentle cousin (attachment between opposites are always strong) and although it took long for the delicate vine to wind its tendrils around the passion flower, yet Mary, in time became very fond of her singular cousin.

In person and years, Beatrice was only seven, in mind perhaps a dozen years. Her mother had been her only companion until she was five, and conversing with her, being teacher, companion, and parent in one, had matured the strange child, till the mind's growth threatened to destroy the confiding artlessness of childhood. When she died the child's grief took the form of intense and violent despair.—She would neither eat, drink nor sleep, and insisted with loud cries, that her beautiful mother should be brought to life; dashed her head against the coffin, and had finally to be taken away and watched over by competent persons until the poor woman had been laid in the tomb beside a husband she had loved till death.

From the humble abode of poverty she was taken where opulence and splendor flourished in their full magnificence. Under charge of a weak, vain woman, who cared for her no further than to decorate her wonderful beauty and exhibit her to admiring crowds assembled in her drawing rooms on the occasion of ball-gatherings—with servants who were taught to fly at her bidding—and soundly rated in her presence if they failed to anticipate her wants, it is scarcely a wonder that she grew into the self-willed and proud though not vain creature that she was—there was something too inately noble in her nature to foster self-pride or crave a mean admiration.

(To be continued.)

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

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☞ Subscribers receiving their paper with a cross-mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

Douglas Nominated.

We learn by reliable information that the Charleston Convention on Monday adopted the Cincinnati Platform, and upon it, nominated Stephen A. Douglas for President and James L. Orr for Vice President. Eight Southern States bolted.

Stoppage of the Mail.

The Times is printed and placed in our post office this week at the usual time, but when it may reach our patrons is more than we are able to say. The Presidents of the North Carolina, Raleigh and Gaston, and Charlotte and South Carolina Railroads have refused to transport the mails over their respective roads after to-day, May 1st. The cause of this refusal is given, we presume authoritatively, in the Charlotte *Bulletin*:

"The facts are simply these—the several contracts between these Roads and the Post Office Department expired on the 1st of July last, but in consequence of a failure on the part of Congress to provide ways and means, the officers of the roads notified the Department that the mails would be transmitted as usual until Congress assembled and made the necessary appropriations. These proposals were strictly adhered to, and in January last notice was given that if proper compensation was not allowed as was allowed to other and less important routes the transmission of the mails by these routes would cease on the 1st April. To this the Post Office Department have not deigned a reply, but rather than inflict upon the public the great inconvenience—injury we may properly say—the officers of the roads above named again notified the Department that they would continue the service until other arrangements were made, limiting the time to the 1st of May—to-day.

The head of the Post Office Department represented by Mr. Dundas, persistently refused to notice the communications sent by Presidents Johnston, Wilder and Fisher, hence no provision has been made to convey the mails, and the officers of the roads positively refuse to carry them. They are right in their demands, and we commend them for the line of policy they have determined to pursue.

A dividend of 55 per cent. has been declared in favor of the creditors of Phillips, Sampson & Co., the former publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. This dividend will be paid in just seven months from the time the assignees were committed. Some claims against the firm could have been bought six months ago for ten cents on the dollar.

Daniel S. Dickinson.

The following tribute to Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson is published in the Charleston papers:

Through the kindness of an esteemed friend and fellow-citizen, we are permitted to publish the following letter from Daniel Webster to Daniel S. Dickinson. The date and contents will show that the letter was elicited by a most interesting occasion, and its tenor and purposes are honorable alike to the head and heart of the writer, and the character and worth of the recipient. It was a noble and magnanimous act and tribute of reconciliation after a slight and transient disagreement, which occurred during the memorable and excited debate of 1850. We do not assert that the letter has not been previously published, but we use the original, and we are confident it will be new and interesting to many readers:

WASHINGTON, September 27, 1850.

My Dear Sir:—Our companionship in the Senate is dissolved. After this long and most important session, you are about to return to your home, and I shall try to find leisure to visit mine. I hope we may meet each other again, two months hence, for the discharge of our duties, in our respective stations in the Government. But life is uncertain, and I have not felt willing to take leave of you without placing in your hands a note, containing a few words which I wish to say to you.

In the earlier part of our acquaintance, my dear sir, occurrences took place which I remember with constantly increasing regret and pain; because the more I have known of you, the greater have been my esteem for your character and my respect for your talents. But it is your noble, able, manly and patriotic conduct, in support of the great measures of this session, which has entirely won my heart and secured my highest regard. I hope you may live long, to serve your country; but I do not think you are ever likely to see a crisis in which you may be able to do so much either for your own distinction or for the public good. You have stood where others have fallen: you have advanced with firm and manly step where others have wavered, faltered and fallen back, and for one, I desire to thank you, and to commend your conduct, out of the fulness of an honest heart.

This letter needs no reply. It is, I am aware, of very little value; but I have thought you might be willing to receive it, and perhaps to leave it where it would be seen by those who shall come after you.

I pray you, when you reach your own threshold, to remember me most kindly to your wife and daughter; and I remain, my dear sir, with the truest esteem,

Your friend and ob't serv't,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

Hon. DAN'L S. DICKINSON, U. S Senate.

Democratic-Republican Policy.

Not looking through party glasses, we see something in the movements of a part of the delegation at Charleston we fancy looks a little strange for good *Democrats*. The majority report from the committee on platform, contains, among others, the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Democracy of the United States hold these cardinal principles on the subject of slavery in the Territories: First, that Congress has no power, nor the Territorial Legislatures, to abolish slavery in any Territories, nor to prohibit the introduction of slavery therein, nor any power to exclude slavery therefrom, nor any power to destroy or impair the right of property in slaves, by any legislation whatever.

The minority, composed of the Northern members, substitute for this resolution the following:

Resolved, That all questions in regard to the rights of property in States or Territories, arising under the Constitution of the United States, are judicial in their character; and the Democratic party is pledged to abide by and faithfully carry out such determination of these questions as has been or may be made by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Are there traitors in the Democratic ranks? Or why not be explicit and declare plainly and candidly the position of the National Democracy upon a question of such importance. Take a stand like honest and honorable men either for or against, and abide by it. This last resolution looks to us at least like it might be second cousin to the following extract from a speech from Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, one of the expounders of the principles of the Republican party, and it is from this striking relationship that we ask the question if there be traitors in the camp. Says Senator Wilson:

I tell you here to-night, that the agitation of this question of human slavery will continue while the foot of a slave presses the soil of the American Republic. We shall change the Supreme Court of the United States, and place men in that court who believe with its pure and immaculate Chief Justice, John Jay, that our prayers will be impious to Heaven, while we sustain and support human slavery.

This, then, is the schedule; not to affirm that they will abide by any specific construction, but that they will abide by what the Supreme Court says the Constitution is; and to have the Constitution interpreted *as they wish*, they will fill the seats of our present able and honest and conscientious jurists by men that will perjure themselves to please the whims of their masters. We hope, for the good and peace of the country, that no platform, with principles, changeable according to circumstances, will be constructed for the suffrage of the people. Principles should be just, and being just, should be unchangeable.

At a recent sale of autograph letters in London, a letter of George Washington's, the President of the United States, written when a subaltern in the service of the Colonial Government, to the Governor of Virginia, sold for £15 10.

Uses of the Convention.

There is no denying the confusion, the almost worse than wordy strife, in the National Democratic convention: but after all we are inclined to believe the convention has its uses. Slavery is the great question in National politics; all other subjects are comparatively unimportant, at least, so far as creating a dissension in the party. The North and the South can easily unite on any other policy. They can look eye to eye for the good of the whole country, except when slavery is involved.—But this question is watched with Argus eyes, not only in temporary movements, but far-seeing politicians plan every move with the ultimate end of gradually influencing this question.

We view it, therefore, as a blessing, that these conflicting elements meet to consult together in National council on mutual interests. It is a fixed fact that the Union is not to be dissolved, and that a split in the Democratic party is the sure forerunner of defeat. With this data we confidently look for a clearing up of the smoke, after each section, North and South, shall have sounded the depth of the opposing element in each. Neither section will yield only inch by inch as compelled, and we look for the final stand to be made on sound national ground, with a trustworthy standard bearer.

We are inclined to these views because we conceive success to be of paramount importance with the party to any and all other considerations, and this victory can only be won by such a standard bearer upon such a platform.

Trial of Rev. Daniel Worth.

Since the arrest of Rev. Daniel Worth, last December, charged with preaching and circulating incendiary sentiments, we have had occasion several times to speak of him in our columns. These reports, especially the report of his trial on the same charges at Randolph court, were given to some extent, and, therefore, we deem it hardly necessary to occupy much space in reporting his trial in the Guilford Superior court of last week.

The trial was before the same Judge, with the same prosecution and defense, viz: Judge Bailey: prosecution Solicitor, Settle: assisted by J. R. McLean and Will. L. Scott, Esqrs.—Defense, Hon. J. T. Morehead and Ralph Gorrell, Esqr. The only indictment in this county was for circulating Helper's "Impending Crisis." Two witnesses were introduced, one testifying that he had bought three copies of this work from Worth, the other had bought one, and had heard Worth say he had sold one hundred copies.

A point was made by the defense that this book did not come under the statute, that specifying a written or printed paper or pamphlet.

The Judge charged that the book did come under the law, since a book was "printed paper," and its being stitched together was only stitching together "printed papers."

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, after having been out about fifteen minutes. The penalty pronounced by the Judge was twelve months imprisonment. From this decision the defense took an appeal to the Supreme Court.

The bail of $5000, required by the magistrates at the time Worth was arrested, was reduced to $1000, which, together with the bond of $400 for costs, required to obtain the appeal, was taken by responsible securities. We further understand that the bail was reduced to $1000 on each indictment in Randolph county, and that proper securities could be had for these also. Hence we presume Worth is now at large, and it is the general opinion that he will soon make his escape North, to be forever a fugitive from justice from his native State.

A GREAT HOAX.

A great excitement was caused in New York, Wednesday, by some joke-loving person or persons unknown, who posted upon the bulletin boards of three newspaper offices the following apparently authentic news:

"*The Fight.*—The Vanderbilt passed Cape Race at 3 P. M. The great fight took place on the 16th instant. Heenan was victorious in nine rounds!

"The Champion was presented to the Queen on the 17th. Her Majesty was much pleased with him, and expressed great astonishment at the size of his muscle. Her Majesty also announced her determination of putting the Prince of Wales under Heenan's guardionship during his visit to America."

The number of people who were "sold" by the hoax was immense. At night the town was flooded with bogus editions of the Spirit of the Times, containing a false account of the great fight, and the newsboys reaped quite a harvest from the greedy newsmongers.

AN EDUCATIONAL FUND.

The McDonough educational fund, from the McDonough estate, left to the city of Baltimore has been handed over by the agents of the city of Baltimore to the trustees of the fund. It amounts to the sung sum of $423,808, with reserved notes amounting to $18,715 additional.

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS.

By the new arrangement for the starting and arrival of the pony express from St. Joseph and San Francisco, messages sent from any point in East to California can be answered so that the message and reply will consume only twenty days. Messages from San Francisco and answers will require only eighteen days.

MARRIED.

In Mecklenburg county, on the 1st inst., GEO. DONNELL, of Guilford county, to Miss SALLIE J. CALDWELL.

In Greenville, on the 18th April, Mr. ROBT. GREENE to Miss EVA SALLIE SMITH.

In Iredell county, on the 11th April, Mr. J. LAWRANCE to Miss M. E. MCNEELY.

In Iredell county, on the 17th April, Mr. O. A. WOODS to Miss MARY L. CHIPLEY.

In Rowan county, on the 24th April, Dr. SAMUEL R. BRADLEY, of Iredell, to Miss MALINDA C. BARR.

In Raleigh, on the 26th April, Mr. WM. E. ANDERSON to Miss MARY LOUISA SYME.

In Chester, S. C., on the 19th April, Mr. JOSIAH BEDON, of Walterboro, to Miss MARY MCLURE.

In Richmond, on the 26th April, Mr. WM. H. BRUMMALL to Miss SUSAN HADDOCK.

DIED.

In Mecklenburg county, on the 30th April, Mr. ELI GRIFFETH.

In Mecklenburg county, on the 22d April, Mrs. ROSANNA BLANTCHARD; aged 74 years.

In Floyd county, Ga., on the 13th April, Mr. D. A. WILLIAMSON; aged about 50 years. A native of Mecklenburg county.

In Statesville, on the 16th April, Mrs. JANE E., wife of R. Q. Davidson; aged 24 years.

In Wake county, near Raleigh, on the 20th April, Mr. NATHANIEL JONES; aged 29 years.

In Richmond, on the 20th April, Mr. NATHANIEL MACON MARTIN; aged 52 years.

In Henrico county, Va., on the 27th April, Mrs. BETTY C. BADKING; aged 26 years.

In Richmond, on the 26th April, Miss. SALLY, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Sully.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Cole.

MAY 2.

Bacon 12@13c, beef 5@6c, beeswax 25c, butter 15c, coffee 9@10c, candles, tallow 2@2½c, adamantine 25@30c, sperm 40@45c; corn 100c, meal 100c, chickens 10@15c, eggs 8c, feathers 40c, flour $5@6, flaxseed 80c, hides, green 5c, dried 10c; hay 50c, lard 12½@15c, molasses 40c, nails 5½@6¼, oats 45@50c; peas, yellow 90c, white $1; pork $8, rags 2½c, rice 7c, salt $2 25@2 50; sugar, brown 10@12½c, loaf 15c, crushed 15c, clarified 14c; tallow 12½@13c, wheat 1.10@1.20.

Norfolk Market.

Reviewed weekly, by Rowland & Bros., Com. Merchants.

APRIL 26.

FLOUR—Family 7.00, Extra 6.50, Superfine 6.00. Receipts are very fair from North Carolina and other sources. We find holders of the article firm, but our sales are at this time confined to those for consumption.

WHEAT—Red and White 1.50@1.50. But little coming in.

CORN—Mixed 71c, White 74c., Yellow 74@75c. Arrivals have been small for a short time past, but will soon be better. Sales made at quotations.

PEAS—B Eye 1.00@1.10. Entirely out of the market. At 1.00 they have all been taken.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples 1.35@1.40; Peaches ₰ bu. 40 lbs. 3.00@4.00 for peeled, 2.00@2.50 for unpeeled. In fair supply. All kinds are dull.

COTTON—7½@10¼.

FLAXSEED—1.25@1.30.

BACON—Western Shoulders 9c, Sides 11c.

EGGS—In barrels, 12c ₰ doz.

BEESWAX—30@32c.

STAVES—Red Oak, hhd. $31, White hhd. $46, heading $52, hhd. $28. Wanted and sell on arrival.

Mobile Market.

APRIL 26.

Sales of Cotton to-day 2300 bales; Middling 10¼c, dull.

New York Market.

APRIL 26.

FLOUR—Southern is buoyant at 6.30@6.40.

WHEAT—Southern red 1.49.

CORN—White 84@85c, Mixed 78c.

TURPENTINE—Steady at 46@46½.

ROSIN—Steady at 1.60.

PORK—Mess 17.50@17.93.

New Orleans Market.

APRIL 26.

Cotton market quiet. Sales 10,500 bales; middlings 10½@11c. Flour firm, $5¾@6 37½. Freight on Cotton to Liverpool ⅝.

Boston Cotton Market.

Reported by London & Bryan.

APRIL 25

The market is moderate, with sales of 1,000 bales. We quote, good ordinary 9¾@9c, low middling 10@10¼, middling 11 a 11¾, strict middling 11¼@11¾, good middling 12@12¼, middling fair 12½ a 13; clean stained, good staple, ranges from 8@10.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION GRAYS!—You are hereby commanded to appear at your Armory, in full-dress uniform, at 4 o'clock, on SATURDAY, the 5th May, 1860. By order of the Commandant. W. H. BOURNE, O. S.

AGUE CURE.—This is something of a science as well as medicine. The supreme difficulty of the science is to accomplish its end without injury to the health—the supreme excellence of the medicine is in accomplishing just that. Fever and Ague has long been cured by Quinine, Arsenic, Bismuth, Mercury, but the mischief was, the deep and often painful footprints they have left on the constitutions treated by them. Dr. AYER'S new remedy cures without a particle of either of these or any other deliterious substance. And he promises not only absolute safety but perfect certainty of cure, with which we may mention another quality of excellence not to be overlooked in these times, and that is his low price, which puts this crowning glory of his art within the reach of all.—*Herald, Lake Co., Ind.*

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. Sold by PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro. mrch24-2m

NEW ADTISEMENTS.

THE TIMES has an increasing circulation throughout the South and South-west, and is an excellent medium for advertising. A few select advertisements only will be admitted, at ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. In favor of advertisements standing six or twelve months, a deduction of 50 per cent. will be made. Advertisers not specifying the number of insertions, the advertisement will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly. Special Notices will be charged 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.

GRAND VIEW FEMALE SEMINARY, Alamance county, N. C., Mrs. NANNIE M. MORTON, Principal, with competent Assistants. This Institution is located in a healthy and intelligent region of country, seven miles north of Gibsonville Station, on the North Carolina Railroad.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS:

Lower English Branches	$7 00
Higher English Branches	10 00
Music on Piano	15 00
Use of Instrument	1 00
French	5 00
Oil Painting	10 00
Wax, Leather Work, and Embroidery, each	5 00
Board, per session	30 00

The full session of this Institution will commence on the 15th of July, 1860. Letters should be addressed to JACOB MORTON, may5-tf Morton's Store, Alamance co., N. C.

COMMON SCHOOLS—Guilford Co.

Dis. No.	COMMITTEE-MEN FOR 1860:
1	Jno Christman, Jno Hooper, Isaac Jeffreys.
2	Jno R Kernodle, Lewis Apple, W P P Heath.
3	A Summers, Wm Cobb, Jno Wharton.
4	Joshua Clapp, Jacob Sharp, C H Low.
5	Alfred Greeson, Jno J Clapp, Riley Brown.
6	A M Enlise, U S Johnson, Henry Kivett.
7	Jacob M Crowder, Wm Harrell, Jno Vanstory.
8	Jno Gant, Frederick Smith, Rankin Tickle.
9	P Rankin, P Denny, James McLean.
10	J A Pritchett, W M Young, T C Gannon.
11	Wm N Rankin, J W Gilmer, R P Shaw.
12	Simon Garrett, R L Causey, Irwin Hauser
13	Jno W Parker, S G Bevill, B G Chilcutt.
14	David Wyrick, S Wyrick, J Gilchrist.
15	John G Wharton, M Ward, T Buchanan
16	Wesley Coe, Henry Sharp, Jesse B Holmes.
17	Jno Hackett, M Ward, Wm Young.
18	D Macy, C T Dicks, J M Fentriss.
19	Wm C Mobley, Jas H Brown, Alfred Arnox.
20	Obadiah McMichael, Wm Colson, Wm Fenton.
21	Dan'l E Albright, Herman Ross, Tim Smith.
22	E F Cummins, A Ingold, Jere Putnam.
23	Sam'l S Davis, Geo Beard, Geo W Kirkman.
24	Joshua Reynolds, J Shelly, J A Newman
25	Isaac Oakes, Jno Parrish, Jonas Highfield.
26	R Blackburn, Jes McMichael Jesse Highfield.
27	W M Cummins, Uriah Macy, Clement Smith.
28	Tim Russell, Ithamar Couch, Calvin White.
29	Jos S Armfield, L S Reece Jno J Armfield.
30	B F Wiley, Wm C Davis, Thos Marsh.
31	Newell Morgan, Wm Southard, H Peyram.
32	W D Smith, Hugh Lowry, Jno V Bowman.
33	Wm Pegg, Jas S Poe, T C Starbuck.
34	Jesse Coltrain, Jesse Gray, Wm Ballard.
35	Jacob Guyer, J K Penix, Ralph Barton.
36	J S Hedgecock, W L English, J B Newton.
37	Jno A Hoskins, S A Powell, Levi Stephens.
38	C A Boon, B G Graham, James E Thom.
39	A Rankin, M Rankin, Hennis James.
40	Caleb White, James Harris, John Harvey.
41	Jesse Smith, Thos Dick, Joseph A McLean.
42	R M Stafford, A Owens, J F McGready.
43	Elijah Foust, John Foust, Christian Neese.
44	J W Kirkman, Harper Donnell, T A Rankin.
45	J B Houston, D W Kirkman, L S Kirkman.
46	Jesse Gossett, Wm Ross, Thos S Kirkman.
47	Sam'l Rankin, W R Wilson, Leven Hackett.
48	Nath'l Coffin, Joshua Lindley, A P Ledbetter.
49	D Foust, Joshua Clapp, J Foust.
50	A A Wheeler, J W Patterson, B Y Thornton.
51	Solomon Greeson, J Clapp, T G Wharton.
52	Jabez Hunt, J S Robbins, Thos Macy.
53	A E Stanley, G W D Causey, Wm Woodburn.
54	Enoch Chrisco, Ezra Kersey, John Holton.
55	C V Hardin, E McCulloch, J F Kreamit.
56	J N Millis, R C Bailey, J E Gamble.
57	Jas Kirkman, Abner Armfield, Jon. Yates.
58	J P Welborn, Ira Johnston, J B Bodenhamer.
59	Geo Thompson, J E Shaw, Daniel Coble.
60	John Cobb, John Cannon, Thos Gray.
61	Geo Pegram, W Anthony, Dempsy McKinny.
62	Jonathan Frazer, E N Kersey, Jno Ricks.
63	Jabez Hodgin, A C Murrow, M C Hodgin.
64	G W Charles, Austin Raper, E E Mendenhall.
65	Robt Thom, Frank Hughes, J H Tarpley.
66	Anderson Lamb, H Wright, F S Carpenter.
67	Gideon Alexander, J. Reynolds, A. S. Swaim.
68	Jon. Causey, Wm Low, E G Brothers.
69	Peter Summers, T. Underwood, J M Jones.
70	Andrew Loman, Andrew Flack, Jno Apple.
71	J A Houston, T M Jones, H C Worth.
72	D Coble, Eli Ingold, Wm Hudson.
73	Peter Davis, W A Russell, Sam'l Edwards.
74	M B Weatherly, J Smith, J T Wright.
75	Haywood Predeley, J F Holt, J Cunningham.
76	J H Dick, Asa Clapp, H A Wiley.
77	Madison Brown, Wm Godley, Reuben Jones.
78	Z Pritchett, Dan'l Gillaspie, G H Parker.
79	M. Harris, S. W. Fulton, James Bains.

may5-4w NATHAN HIATT, Ch'n.

DRUGS, &c.—PORTER & GORRELL are now receiving the largest stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, &c., ever offered in this market. One of the firm has just returned from the Northern markets, where he has been for several weeks, selecting with extreme care every article pertaining to the business. We specially invite the attention of physicians to our unusually heavy stock and splendid assortment. We feel confidant that we can fill their orders with such an excellent quality of Drugs and on such liberal terms as to give entire satisfaction. may5

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS—In consequence of gas having been lately introduced into our place, we have left on our hands a large assortment of Kerosine Lamps, which we propose to sell for less than the original cost. We can furnish lamps suited to churches, academies, parlors or kitchens. Call at the Drug Store. may5 PORTER & GORRELL.

HENRICO PILE LOTION—The only known sure remedy for the piles. For sale at the Drug Store. may5 PORTER & GORRELL.

ODE TO STRANGERS.

Among the houses in town, oh say if thou knowest
O'er which the gay standard of Fashion 's unfurled,
Where the welcome is warm and the prices are Lowest,
And the Clothes are the cheapest and best in the world!
If not—fly at once! To S. ARCHER & Co.'s betake you,
They best can assist you to bear out your plan;
They either have got, or will speedily make you,
The best suit of Clothes ever seen upon man!!

S. ARCHER & CO., would again call the attention of their old friends and customers and the rest of mankind, to their

UNRIVALLED STOCK
-OF-
FASHIONABLE SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING,

which has been selected with their usual care, and especially adapted to the wants of this community, and at

PRICES SO LOW AS TO DEFY COMPETITION!

Our Stock is complete and large, and comprises the

LATEST STYLES
of PANTS, COATS and VESTS; a superb stock of
PLAIN AND FANCY TIES,
SHIRTS, DRAWERS,
HATS, SHOES,
PISTOLS,
PERFUMERY, &c., &c.

We have Goods to suit the purses of all. Whole Suits at $2.75 and upwards.

We were never better prepared, either in price or assortment to give general satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage. apr14

BALDWIN'S GREAT METROPOLITAN TRUNK MANUFACTORY.—$5,000 worth of Sole Leather TRAVELING TRUNKS, made to order, and warranted superior to any others in the market, at ten per cent. advance from manufacturer's prices, now landing from various schooners.

LADIES' TRUNKS, (a new style—the latest French novelty,) the most completely arranged ever introduced in any market.

The very latest style of ENLGISH RETICULE. No lady will do without one after she has seen them.

One hundred nests of PACKING TRUNKS, at manufacturer's prices, $1 25 and upwards.

TRUNKS AT WHOLESALE.—We can offer extraordinary inducements to Country Merchants. Our large sales and exclusive agency enables us to offer the greatest bargains to the trade.

A large variety of Trunks for boys and misses. Those who may be going off to school can be supplied at very low prices.

☞ Trunks shipped free of charge for drayage, and sent to any part of the city free of charge.

O. S. BALDWIN,
mrh31-6w No. 38 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

J. F. JOLLEE, at Winbourne & Witty's old stand, is now receiving and opening his stock of SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
GROCERIES, &c.,

which he will sell cheap for cash, or to punctual customers on a short credit. A call is solicited from both ladies and gentlemen before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same. apr21-tf J. F. JOLLEE.

HOOP SKIRTS.—Hoop Skirts, of the best material, from 15c. upwards. apr14-tf LANDECKER & KLINE.

AT COST FOR CASH.—The subscriber having bought the entire interest of J. A AMIS in the firm of COLE & AMIS, now offers his entire stock of DRY GOODS at cost for cash. feb11-tf B. L. COLE.

WALKING CANES AND UMBRELLAS, at wholesale and retail. For sale low by O. S. BALDWIN, mrh31-6w No. 34 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

SOMETHING NEW.—Misses', boy's, youth's and children's Boots and Shoes with metallic tips. One pair will last as long as two or three of the ordinary make. 41-tf J. F. BOONE.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.—I will sell a tract of land, containing five acres, lying on the Hillsboro road, about 1¼ miles from Greensboro, on Tuesday of May court. Sale at the court-house door, at 1 o'clock. It is unimproved wood land, and very valuable to persons living in town. Terms made known on day of sale. mrh31-ts POLLY BANNER.

GREENSBORO CHURCH.

The pastor sends us the following items from the Sessional Report for the year ending April 1st, 1860: Communicants received on examination 52; on certificate 8; number of children in Sabbath School and Bible Classes 140.

Contributions to Domestic Missions $429; Foreign Missions, $298; Education $50; Publication, $44; Church Extension, $315.—To other objects, $1872,00. Total, $3008.00.

The contribution to Domestic Missions from Greensboro is larger than that from any other church in the Synod.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

COLORED PERSONS NOT CITIZENS.

Fred. Douglas, while in Newcastle, England, a few weeks ago made application, through the American Minister in London, for a passport to enable him to visit Paris as an American citizen. The reply made by the Minister was in effect, that the Constitution of the U. States did not recognize persons of color as citizens—the passport was therefore refused. Through the French Consul at Newcastle, however, the required permission has been obtained.

STEAM PLOWS.

A steam plow has been introduced into Somersetshire, England. It plowed upwards of eight acres of difficult soil in a day. The same amount of work would have employed nearly forty horses. The expense was £8 an acre, and plowing by the ordinary means would have cost at least double that sum.

ANOTHER FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

TROY, N. Y., April 27.—The U. S. Deputy Marshal to-day arrests a negro named Charles Naile, a fugitive from B. W. Hansborough, of Culpeper co., Va. He was brought before U. S. Commissioner Beach, identified and remanded to his owner. Judge Gould, however, issued a habeas corpus to bring the negro before him, which was served, and a crowd of about 1,000 persons took the slave forcibly from the officers, carried him to a boat in the river, and he was rowed across. On the other side he was rearrested by a constable of West Troy, but another crowd assembled, and again rescuing him, placed him in a carriage and drove off.—Pistols were used, but no one was seriously hurt. Negroes were most active in the mob. There is immense excitement here on the subject.

FERNANDINA.

This is a new sea-port on the Atlantic coast of Florida, and is the eastern terminus of a railroad which passes quite across the State to Cedar Keys, on the Gulf. It is thought that many goods will be carried by this route on their way to or from the Gulf ports, in order to avoid the perils of navigation near the Florida Keys.

STEAM COMMUNICATION TO NEW YORK.

The Wilmington Journal says a contract has been effected by the Cape Fear and Ocean Steamship Navigation Company for the building of one of the iron steamers to ply between Wilmington and New York. Until this steamer is finished, a propeller will run regularly between the two ports twice a month, or oftener if the business requires it. Merchants in the interior will find that their goods will be received with greater dispatch than heretofore, and we believe quicker than by any other route. This is a matter of no little interest to the tradesman.

The wheat growers in the interior will find this route cheap, safe and expeditious for the export of their crops to the New York market. The naval store maker or dealer will also have an opportunity of placing the article on the market in New York in a much less time than they have heretofore been enabled to do. In fact, the general transportation business will receive a new impetus, and will come in for a share of the benefits to be derived from this new enterprise. The line must prove a success.

CRINOLINE AT CHARLESTON.

It is said that quite a number of ladies have gone to Charleston to exert their influence in behalf of their favorite candidates. That fact will, in our opinion, render useless and vain the calculations of the best political prophets. The elements are uncertain enough when only men are in a Convention. But if the charms and the wiles of women are to be taken into the account, we surrender all hopes of being able to foretell the result at Charleston. We are told that money is to be freely used upon the Delegates, and that an alarm about the yellow fever is to be started. But neither of these would puzzle a calculator so much as it would to determine what the politicians in crinoline are going to do.—*Providence Journal.*

A BAD COMPLAINT.

The first physician in a certain case was discharged by his patient because he was honest and plain enough to tell the patient he had a sore thoat; and the second doctor, having some hint of the fact, answered the sick man, when questioned, that his case was highly abnormal, and had degenerated into synanche tonsilaris. "Oh, doctor," cried the patient, "do say that word again." "Why, sir, I said that you were at present laboring under synanche tonsilaris." "Why, think, doctor, that fool told me that I had nothing but a sore throat, and I told him I had no use for such a dunce. Doctor, what did you call it?" "I told you, sir, in plain terms, that the morbid condition of your system was obvious, and that it had terminated in synanche tansilaris." "Oh, doctor, it must be a monstrous bad complaint; think you can cure me, doctor?"—"Now thought your prognosis is clear your diagnosis is doubtful, yet I think, by prudent care and skilful treatment, you may recover." "Oh; well, doctor, do stay all night, and I will pay you all you ask."

Musical.

HORACE WATERS, AGENT, 333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Publisher of Music and Music Books, dealer in Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Violins, Violincellos, Accordeons, Flutinas, Flutes, Fifes, Clarionetts, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Hammers, Violin Bows, best Italian Strings, Brass Instruments for bands, Piano Stools and Covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

SHEET MUSIC, from all the publishers in the United States; Bertini's Huntin's and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments; Church Music Books; Music elegantly bound, Music Paper, and all kinds of Music Merchandise, at the lowest prices.

NEW PIANOS, at $175, $200, $250, and up to $800; Second Hand Pianos from $25 up to $100; New Melodeons, $15, $30, $75, $100, and up to $200; Second Hand Melodeons, from $20 to $80; Alexandre Organs, with five stops, $250, $275 and $300, fifteen stops, $320 and $375. A liberal discount to Clergymen, Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

Testimonials of the Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons.

"The Piano came to hand, and in first-rate order. It is a beautiful instrument, and no mistake."—*Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.*

John Howitt, of Carthage, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:

"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for her. She likes the one you sold me in December, 1856. My piano is becoming popular in this place, and I think I can introduce one or two more; they will be more popular than any other make."

"We have two of Waters' Pianos in use in our Seminary, one of which has been severely tested for three years, and we can testify to their good quality and durability."—*West of Gregory, Mount Carroll, Ill.*

"H. WATERS, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Having used one of your Piano-Fortes for two years past, I have found it a very *superior instrument.*"—*Alonzo Gray, Principal Brooklyn Heights Seminary.*

"TOMA, N. Y., August 5, 1858.—HORACE WATERS, Esq.—*Sir:* The Melodeon you sent me was duly received in good order. I am now fully prepared to say that the instrument is *highly satisfactory;* and I beg you will accept my thanks for the very liberal terms on which you furnished it, and for the very honorable manner in which you have fulfilled, and *more* than fulfilled, all that you promised. Very respectfully yours, &c.—*J. L. Smith.*"

"The Piano I received from you continues to give satisfaction. I regard it as one of the best instruments in the place."—*James L. Corkran, Charlestown, Va.*

"The Melodeon has safely arrived. I feel obliged to you for your liberal discount—will do all I can for you in these parts."—*Rev. J. M. McCormick, Fayetville, N. C.*

"The Piano was duly received. It came in excellent condition, and is very much admired by my numerous family. Accept my thanks for your promptness."—*Robert Cooper, Warrenham, Bradford co., Pa.*

"Your Piano pleases us well. It is the best one in our county."—*Thomas A. Leathers, Campbellton, Ga.*

"We are very much obliged to you for having sent such a fine instrument for $250, and we shall take pains to recommend it."—*Brook, Hall & Co., Buffalo Democrat.*

"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality."—*New York Evangelist.*

"We can speak of the merits of the Horace Waters Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very best quality."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"The Horace Waters Pianos are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material. We have no doubt that buyers can do as well, perhaps better, at this than at any other house in the Union."—*Advocate and Journal.*

"Waters' Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—*Home Journal.*

"Horace Waters' Piano-Fortes are of full, rich and even tone, and powerful."—*New York Musical Review.*

"Our friends will find at Mr. Waters' store the very best assortment of Music and of Pianos to be found in the United States, and we may urge our Southern and Western friends to give him a call whenever they go to New York. *Graham's Magazine.* jan28–1ct.

PIANOS, MELODEONS, AND ORGANS.—The Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons, for depth, purity of tone and durability, are unsurpassed. Prices reasonable. Second Hand Pianos and Melodeons, from $25 to $150.

TESTIMONIALS.—"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best."—*Evangelist.* "We can speak of their merits from personal knewledge."—*Christian Intel.* "Waters' Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—*Home Jour.*

HORACE WATERS, Agent,
jan28-22t. 333 Broadway, New York.

SABBATH SCHOOL BELL—151,000 ISSUED IN THIRTEEN MONTHS!—The unprecedented sale of this Book has induced the publishers to add some 36 new tunes and hyms to its present size, without extra charge, except on the cheap edition. Among the many beautiful tunes and hyms added, may be found: "I ought to love my mother;" "Oh, I'll be a good child, indeed I will." These, and eight others from the Bell, were sung at the Sunday School Anniversary of M. E. Church, at the Academy of Music, with great applause. The Bell contains nearly 200 tunes and hymns, and is one of the best collections ever issued. Price 12c; $10 per hundred, postage 2c.; bound 20c., $15 per 100, postage 4c. Elegantly bound, embossed gilt, 25c.; $20 per 100. *It has been introduced into many of the Public Schools.*

The Bell is published in small numbers, entitled Anniversary and Sunday School Music Books, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, in order to accommodate the million; price $2 and $3 per 100. No. 5 will soon be issued—commencement of another book. Also, Revival Music Books, Nos. 1 and 2, price $1 and $2 per 100, postage 1c. More than 300,000 copies of the above books have been issued the past eighteen months, and the demand is rapidly increasing.—Published by HORACE WATERS, Agent,
jan28–16t. 333 Broadway, N. Y.

For sale at the South-Western Sunday School Union, 197 Camp street, New Orleans.

ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK No. 5, contains fifty tunes and hymns, mostly new, just what is wanted for Sabbath School Anniversaries, Christmas Festivals, Concerts, Revival Meetings and New-Year's Greetings. Among the many beautiful may be found "Happy Christmas Morn," "Music of Angels," cantata, "Announcement of the Saviour's Birth," "Pleasant Sabbath-School," "Rouse, thee, Child of Heaven," "Sorrow shall come again no more," "Bethlehem Star," "Bright Happy New-Year," "Don't you hear the Angels Coming?" "Be kind to the loved ones at Home." Price 5c.; $3 per 100, postage 1c.

HORACE WATERS, Agent,
jan28–22t. 333 Broadway, N. Y.

Miscellaneous.

1860. SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. 1860.

A. WEATHERLY begs leave to inform his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he has received his stock of spring and summer Rich and Fashionable DRY GOODS, to the inspection of which he invites the public. Our Ladies' Dress Goods consists of a full, complete and fashionable assortment of all kinds of Dress Goods now in market, and a variety of Fancy Articles too numerous to mention. Hoop Skirts, Ready Made Clothing, a good assortment of Boots and Shoes of the latest and best styles. Also, an assortment of Groceries and Hardware.

As goods are generally cheap this spring, we hope to give satisfaction to all who may call. mch24–tf

TO THE LADIES.—A. WEATHERLY informs the Ladies of Greensboro and vicinity, that he has opened, in addition to his stock of Dry Goods, a MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT, in his building, the office formerly occupied by the Farmer's Bank, two doors above his store, and one above Porter & Gorrell's. Our stock consists of the newest and latest styles of Ladies' Bonnets—crape, lace, straw, hair, chip, braid, and in fact every variety of bonnets; Mourning Bonnets always on hand. Misses' and Children's Hats and Flats, Shaker Hoods, Head-dresses, Ribbons, Ruches, Flowers, &c.

Having secured the services of Mrs. W. S. MOORE, a lady of much experience and great taste, also having made arrangements with a Fashionable Milliner in New York to supply Bonnets during the season, we hope to please all, even the most fastidious. Mrs. MOORE will always be found at the above establishment, where Bonnets will be trimmed in the latest styles and on the shortest notice. mh24tf

CHAIR FACTORY IN GUILFORD. A. P. LEDBETTER, near New Garden, is manufacturing Chairs of the best quality, fine or plain. Orders are respectfully solicited. 3w.

DOUBLE REFINED STEAM CANDIES.—My factory is now complete, and by far the largest establishment of the kind south of Philadelphia, which enables me to offer to the trade of VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, and TENNESSEE, An article of city made Steam Refined Crushed Sugar Candy. Warranted to stand in any climate. Much below the Northern price for an article of like standard.

LOUIS J. BOSSIEUX,
mrh31–6m No. 80 Main st., Richmond, Va.

MILITARY GOODS, OF ALL KINDS, can be purchased at my store at N. York prices. Entire UNIFORMS for Companies made to order. Swords, Belts, Sashes, and complete equipments, at shortest notice, furnished by O. S. BALDWIN,
mrh31–6w No. 38 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

Dry Goods, &c.

1860 SPRING AND SUMMER. 1860

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING STORE.—The subscriber has made up the largest stock of superior CLOTHING ever exhibited south of Baltimore. There is no establishment in South Carolina, North Carolina, or Virginia, can show you a more desirable stock. The COATS, PANTS and VESTS are EQUAL TO CUSTOM WORK, and the style adopted is the newest Paris patterns—being entirely unlike "slop shop" trash usually offered ready made. We sell no garment that we cannot warrant perfect, as to workmanship, cut and style.

A gentleman may drop into our house, and in a few minutes be handsomely fitted out to a Sunday suit, or a business suit, as fine as can be made to measure, and save TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. by so doing.

Those who prefer garments made to measure are informed that we have the BEST CUTTER in the country, and keep the largest assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS in the State—especially for ordered work. Gentlemen, it will pay you to patronize

BALDWIN.
mrh31–6w No. 38 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

BOOTS AND SHOES, CHEAP.—I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro. My stock consists of ladies', gentlemen's, misses', boy's, youth's and children's Shoes and Gaiters, of EVERY VARIETY, STYLE AND PRICE; Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calf-skins, and Shoe-findings of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me. Terms cash. 41–tf J. B. F. BOONE.

NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA. Look here, friends and fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the county agent, for their new, large and magnificent MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and all the cities, towns and villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her fields and flowers. If you want this Golden Prize, now is the time. The map is seven feet by five, with border views of the State-house, insane asylum, Chapel Hill, male and female colleges, &c.; and is one of the cheapest and best maps ever published

Agents are wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal. PEARCE & BEST.
tf Hillsboro, N. C.

1860.....NEW STORE.....1860

LANDECKER & KLINE, would call the attention of the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity to the fact that they have opened a new store at Yates' old stand, where they will keep constantly on hand a large stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, which have been selected with great care, and which they will sell at prices which defy competition. Their Stock comprises a large assortment of LADIES' DRESS GOODS, consisting in part of Black and Fancy Silks, Foulard Silks, Valencias, Poil de Chevreur, Poplins, Organdies, Muslins, Jaconetts, Bareges, with trimmings to correspond; together with a beautiful assortment of Ginghams, Calicoes, Homespuns, Shirtings, &c. We would invite the attention of the ladies to our magnificent stock of White Goods, French and Swiss needle-worked Collars and Sleeves, French Bands, Children's Waists, Mitts, Lace Points, Mantillas, Dusters, French Flowers, Ribbons, Head-Dresses, and all the Novelties of the Season, which were imported by our connected house in New York, and at prices which cannot fail to please; in fact we can say that we have everything that is kept in a Dry Goods Store, and that we are able to sell goods lower than any other house in this section of country. Call and examine our stock and judge for yourselves if you will not save money by purchasing your goods of us. Our motto is, "large sales and small profits."

We have also on hand a large stock of Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers with and without heels, for ladies' and gentlemen's wear, misses' and children's Shoes, all of the best make, and cheaper than ever offered in this place.

apr14–tf LANDECKER & KLINE.

BROGANS.

Best double sole Brogans	$1 50
Good double sole Brogans	1 25
Good single Brogans	1 00

For sale at 41–tf J. F. BOONE'S

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The firm of COLE & AMIS is this day dissolved by mutual consent. February 1st, 1860.
feb11–tf COLE & AMIS.

PISTOLS—Of all the approved styles, and for sale at prices twenty-five per cent. lower than is generally asked for them. We have agencies, and sell ten per cent. advance from manufacturer's prices,
O. S. BALDWIN,
mrh31–6w No. 38 Market st., Wilmington, N. C.

INDIA-RUBBER BELTS.—I intend to keep constantly on hand India-Rubber Belts of all sizes, and at the following prices:

2 inch 3 ply	12½ cents per foot
2½ inch 3 ply	15 cents per foot
3 inch 3 ply	17 cents per foot
4 inch 3 ply	22 cents per foot
5 inch 3 ply	27 cents per foot
6 inch 3 ply	32 cents per foot
7 inch 3 ply	38 cents per foot
8 inch 3 ply	42 cents per foot
10 inch 3 ply	60 cents per foot
12 inch 3 ply	72 cents per foot

tf J. B. F. BOONE.

1860.....SPRING STOCK.....1860

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY

The subscriber has received, and begs to call the attention of wholesale dealers to his splendid stock of Confectioneries, Fruits, Nuts, Fancy Goods, Pickles, Preserves, Brandy Peaches, Cordials, Syrups, Sardines, Soda, Nutmegs, Scotch Ale, London Porter, Matches, Blacking, Perfumery, Soaps, Playing Cards, Baskets, Musical Instruments, Toys, Matches, Porte Monnaies, &c., &c., &c. Also, a large variety of Notions, usually to be found in similar establishments. New arrivals of Choice Fruits, Nuts, &c., tri-weekly, from Baltimore and New York.

☞Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully executed. A. BUTTS, Jr.,
(Successor to S. H. MARKS.)
mrch24–1y No. 82 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va

Medical.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA, a benevolent institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with virulent and epidemic diseases.

In times of epidemics it is the object of this institution to establish hospitals, to provide nurses, physicians, clothing, food, medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of epidemics, the Directors have authorized the consulting surgeon to give medical advice *gratis* to all persons suffering under chronic diseases of a virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, maltreatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise; and, in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish medicines free of charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of chronic diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various reports and tracts on the nature and treatment of chronic diseases, by the consulting surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent *free of charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for report or treatment, Dr. J. SKILLON HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.
GEORGE FAIRCHILD, Secretary. junel1–1y

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH Cancers, Asthma, Scrofula, or any skin disease, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some of which were given up as hopeless by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is incredulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Calls will be made, or medicine sent by mail.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him and describe their case.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
tf Greensboro, N. C.

Medical.

Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
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Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
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Has the Largest Sale
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Has the Largest Sale
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
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Of any Medicine in the World.
100,000 Packages
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Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
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It is Warranted to Cure
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Pain in Side and Back,
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It is Especially Adapted to
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Female Complaints;
It Produces Rotundity of Form
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It Produces Rotundity of Form
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It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
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Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels."

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Medical.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC.
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
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IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
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IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.

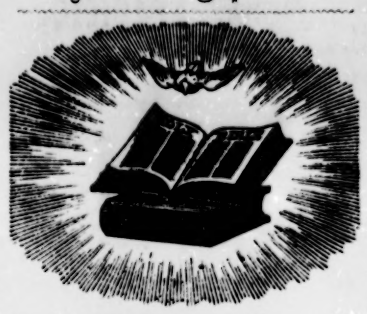
Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., PROPRIETORS, 363 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Children's Department.



EDITED BY WILLIAM R. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

GARDENING.

"Tis a delightful task
To rear the tender flower, to see the bud
Put forth its bloom, the little seedling sprout
From its dark grave to meet the sunbeams, and
To drink the gracious rain. Here Innocence
May well amuse herself, and blithe Industry
Make mate with ants, and bees and busy things
From morn to evening daily."

So said the Poet, and I think all my little readers must feel the force of the truth uttered in these beautiful lines, and admit that gardening is one of the most delightful occupations even for young persons. It combines innocent amusement, exercise of the healthiest kind, skill, forethought, method and taste.

From the earliest times of profane history, gardens are alluded to. The gardens of Hesperides abounded with fruits of the most delicious kind, and the hanging gardens of Babylon were among the wonders of the world. The gardens of the Persians are called by Xenophon—"delightful places, fertile and beautiful"—and the gardens of Alcinous abounded with fruits and various horticultural wonders. The Philosophers of Athens walked in ornamental gardens, among shady groves statues and fountains

Gardening was the first of the arts. Before man had fallen from his "high estate" and lost his heirship to Heaven he was placed by his Creator in a garden, and ordered to dress it and keep it; and after the lapse of ages of sin and sorrow and the redemption of man was nigh, the Redeemer was found often returning to the garden of Gethsemane to pray.

Gardening is not only a delightful occupation but is also full of instruction, leading the mind from the wonderful operations of Nature to the great Originator and preserver of all things. Nature is an open book which all may read—a book which every child of God should study, for of the christian it has been truly said "He looks abroad unto the varied field of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared with those whose mansions glitter in his sight, calls the delightful scenery all his own.

His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent views; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all."

The great Dr. Chalmers has said,—"it is truly a most christian exercise, to extract a sentiment of piety from the works and the appearances of nature. It has the authority of the sacred writers upon its side, and even our Saviour himself gives it the weight and the solemnity of his example. "Behold the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet your heavenly Father careth for them." He expatiates on the beauty of a single flower and drew from it the delightful argument of confidence in God. He gives us to see that taste may be combined with piety, and that the same heart may be occupied with all that is serious in the contemplation of religion, and be at the same time alive to the charms and the loveliness of nature."

I hope all my little friends who have a home will try to make that home pleasant by cultivating fruits and flowers with their own little hands. It will be far better to spend the leisure hours of the warm spring months in this way than in roaming the streets with idle, wicked children, for you must remember your little hearts are like a garden, and the "enemy" is ever ready to sow "tares" which will root out all the beautiful buds of hope and promise which may now be springing up there. While you cultivate your little gardens of the heart, but strive to learn lessons of purity and goodness ever from the flowers blooming around you.

See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head;
While it scarcely can be seen,
Folded in its leaf of green.
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

'Tis not beauty that we prise—
Like a summer flower it dies;
But humility will last,
Fair and sweet when beauty's past;
And the Saviour from above
Views an humble child with love.

Human life has been likened to a garden, and we are told that "whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and I trust you will early in life, determine to sow Life's Garden with good seed, or as another has beautifullly expressed it—

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shall know
Shall bless the earth while in the world above,
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream and wider grow;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers
And yield the fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

To find out the number of children in a street commence beating a bass drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dog fight.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

A NEW SPECIES OF TUBING.

An experiment was recently performed in London for trying the strength, by hydraulic pressure, of a new description of tubing, composed of bituminous paper. This new contrivance for subterranean tubes was invented in Paris. The municipal authorities of Paris tried these tubes for the conveyance of gas, and in the recent experiments made in London a piece of tube was produced, which, though stated to have been used under ground as a gas-pipe for twelve months, had the appearance of being a new pipe. The tubes, subjected to a pressure of the hydraulic process, bore a strain of 250 pounds to the square inch without bursting, which is more than they would be required to bear in ordinary use. One of the tubes, half an inch thick, and with a bore of two inches, was also tested by weight, and it only gave way to a pressure of 580 pounds, the bearings being three feet apart It was stated that the tubes might be submitted to a temperature of 160 degrees of Fahrenheit without any deterioration of the material. The cost of the tubing is said to be less than half that of the erdinary tubing.

Granulated cork mattresses are now used in some hospitals for patients afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. Cork being an excellent non-conductor, it is said to be favorable to the cure of this disease.

PHONOGROPHY.

The art of phonography is coming into general use. Many merchants keep a short hand writer in their employ, and dictate to him all the correspondence of the house.

CURIOUS FACT OF CHEESE-MAKING.

In the celebrated Goshen cheese dairies, it is found, according to a writer in the Ohio Farmer, that the greater the amount of curd that can be obtained from a given amount of milk, the better will be the curd or the quality of the cheese made from it. And this difference in amount, under the management of various curd makers, is enough to astonish those who have no actual acquaintance with the matter. It is said sometimes to equal a fourth of the whole amount.

COMPUTING INTEREST.

A new mode of computing interest at six per cent. has been published, which appears very simple. Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days interest desired separate the right hand figure, and divide by six; the result is the true interest in cents of such sum for such number of days at six per cent. This rule is simple, and so true according to all business usages, that every banker, merchant and clerk should post it up for reference and use. There being no such thing as a fraction about it, there is scarcely any liability to err or mistake. By no other arithmetical process can so decided information be obtained with so few figures.

TO COAT IRON WITH BRASS.

There are two processes by which this operation may be accomplished. One is to cleanse the surface of the iron perfectly free from grease and oxyd, and then to plunge it into melted brass. The cleansing is best done first with a ley of soda, or potash and water; when placing the iron for a short time in weak sulphuric acid and water, the metal being bright, may then be dipped into the fluid brass, and the thin coating of brass, thus adhering to the iron, afterwards polished and burnished. The electrotyping process is, however, now mostly adopted by manufacturers. A solution of brass is first made thus:—Three quarters of a pound of cyanide of potassium, one and a half ounces of cyanide of copper, and three quarters of an ounce of cyanide of zinc, dissolved in one gallon of clear rain water, to which finally add one and a half ounces of muriate of ammonia (sal ammoniac.) This liquid is then to be used hot (not scalding, say 180° Fah.) in this manner; the iron to be coated is attached or connected with the zinc end of a battery of moderate power, and a piece of good brass is fastened in like manner to the opposite pole; both the metals are then to be immersed in the hot brassy solution, and there left undisturbed for such time as is deemed necessary, and the iron will become coated with brass of a thickness according to the time it is left in the solution. Burnishing and polishing are afterwards required, according to the particular nature of the work. The texture and tone of color of the brass vary with the temperature of the solution and quantity of materials employed, &c. By a small jet of gas or other contrivance, the liquid must be kept hot during the whole process.

SMELTING IRON.

Smelting iron was practiced in England during the Roman occupation; Roman coins have been found in many beds of cinders, the remains of iron works.

Remains of ancient furnaces have been found in Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and Lancashire, but the principal seats of manufacture appear to have been in Sussex and the Forest of Dean. The art of working in steel and iron was much practiced before the Norman conquest. The army of Harold was well supplied with defensive weapons, both of steel and iron, even the horses had covers of iron armor. Every chief officer maintained a smith at his own expense, whose duty it was to take charge of the armor of his master, and keep it in repair.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

A man asked another, "Which is the heaviest, a quart of gin or a quart of water?"—"Gin, most assuredly, for I saw a man who weighs two hundred pounds staggering under a quart of gin when he would have carried a gallon of water with ease."

A radical politician perceiving two crows flying side by side, said, "Ah, that is just as it ought to be; I hate to see one crow over another."

Why may a professor without students be said to be the most attentive of all professors? Because he has only two pupils, and they are always in his eye.

Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as to see people who profess to expect salvation go to church without their purses when a recollection is to be taken up.

"Sir," said an enraged landlady to one of her boarders, "why do you call this union butter?" "Because in union there is strength."

A Yankee editor, noticing the decease of a rich subscriber, observes that, "He has died regretted by a numerous circle of friends, and now leaves a widow as disconsolate as any widow need be who has the uncontrolled possession of twenty thousand dollars per annum."

It is the man that makes the most noise that secures the attention of the world. A silent elephant may remain unobserved amid the foliage of the wood; but a croaking bull frog is sure to attract attention in the darkest night.

A man, not a thousand miles off, once asked another who he liked to hear preach. "Why" said he, "I like to hear Mr. B—best: because I don't like any preaching, and his comes the *nearest to no preaching* of any I ever heard."

A tar, who had been boasting of the numerous foreign places he had seen was asked if he had ever seen Louisiana. 'No,' says Jack, "what country does she live in?"

An old lady in Ohio, while in the woods was bitten on the end of the nose by a rattlesnake. The old lady recovered but the snake died. Coroner's verdict—poisoned by snuff.

A minister who had received a number of calls, and could scarcely decide which was the best, asked the advice of a faithful old African servant, who replied—"Master go where is the most devil."

Humbolt said ten years ago: "Governments, religion, property, books, are nothing but the scaffolding to educate a man. Earth holds up to her Master no fruit but the finished man. Education is the only interest worthy of the deep controling anxiety of the thoughtful man."

A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying through the world, some hasty greetings and abrupt farewells, and our play will be "played out," and the injurer and the injured will be led away and ere long forgotton Is it then worth while to hate each other?

The local editor of an exchange publishes a punning "market report," in which he states that "tin plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull rakes not much inquired after, champagul brisk, rheubarb and senna are drugs, starch is stiffening, and paper is stationery. There is no life in dead hogs, there is considerable animation in old cheese."

"These jokes are too pointed," as the schoolmaster said when he found a bent pin in his chair!

The last, best fruit that comes to perfection even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness toward the hard; forbearance toward the unforbearing; warmth of heart toward the cold; and philantrophy toward the misanthropic.

"Sam, why am lawyers like de fishes?" "I don't meddle wid de subject, Pomp."—"Why, don't ye see, nigga, because dey am so fond ob debate."

A pert young lawyer once boasted to an old member of the bar, that he had received two hundred dollars for speaking in a certain law-suit.

"Pooh!" replied the other, "I received double that sum for keeping silent in that very case!

Two lawyers overtaking a wagoner, and thinking to crack a joke on him asked with an assumed gravity.

"Pray, Mister wagoner, how is it that your fore horse is fat and the others so lean?"

The wagoner with sharpened Scotch penetration, and knowing them to be of the legal tribe replied:

"Well, ye see, the reason is plain—the fore horse is a lawyer, and the other two are his clients."

The jokers vamoosed instantly.

A young "buck," now-a-days, is curiously compounded. He has a *beaver* on his head, a *goat.ee* on his chin, *kids* on his hands, *calves* on his legs, (and *doe-skin* also) casts *sheep's* eyes, and is looked upon by his *doe*-ting duck as *deer* at any price.

"Mr. D——, if you'll get my coat done by Saturday, I shall be forever indebted to you." "If that's your game it won't be done," said the tailor.

When the curious or impertinent would pick the lock of the heart put the key of reserve on the inside.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S.....J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson; and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. 6-1y

GEORGE W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y. 105-tf

GEORGE T. WHITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Jefferson City, Missouri, will attend the different Courts held at the capital, and in the adjoining counties. Also, to the collection of debts; and persons who wish to have investments made in the West may be assured that his long acquaintance here would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage. tf

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, High Point, N. C., will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-1y

LEVI M. SCOTT.....WILLIAM L. SCOTT.

SCOTT & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Greensborough, N. C., will attend the courts of Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Davidson, Forsythe, Orange and Rockingham. All claims entrusted to them for collection, will receive prompt attention. Office on North Elm street, fourth door from Lindsay's corner. jan 21-1y

Periodicals.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, is one of the cheapest publications in the country. Two volumes a year are published, each volume containing at least 480 pages, in neat style, with fine cover and advertising sheet. The two volumes will be furnished for only $5 for the year 1860. Clubs remitting us $15 in one letter, will be entitled to six copies.

THE MESSENGER will, as heretofore, present its readers with reviews, historical and biographical sketches, novels, tales, travels, essays, poems, critiques, and papers on the army, navy, and other national subjects. The editorial and critical department will continue under the charge of Jno. R. Thompson, Esq. The business department is conducted by the undersigned, to whom all communications of a business nature must be addressed.

MACFARLANE, FERGUSSON & CO.,
jan7-tf Cor. Bank and 12th Sts., Richmond, Va.

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The third volume of this journal commenced with the year 1860. It will be published monthly, at

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!

and each number will contain thirty-two pages of reading matter.

THE JOURNAL is neatly printed on good book paper, with some improvements, and efforts will be made to improve it in every respect, in proportion to the encouragement received from those to whom it looks for support.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association, and is under its control; and it is the aim and wish of the committee to whom the management of it is entrusted, to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

THE JOURNAL is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And since the county boards of superintendents are beginning to act under the law allowing them to "subscribe for a copy of THE JOURNAL for each school district to their respective counties," more attention will be given to the special interests and wants of Common Schools.—Teachers and other friends of education are earnestly requested to act as agents, and also to contribute articles suitable for its pages.

TERMS: One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance anyone sending ten new subscribers, will be entitled to one copy extra. All subscriptions to begin with the January No., so long as the back numbers can be supplied.

THE JOURNAL and THE TIMES, one year, for $2 50.

The First Volume of THE JOURNAL will be sent, free of postage, for $2, and the Second for $1.

The Second Volume will be furnished neatly bound, when orders indicate a sufficient demand to justify it, at $1 50; and when ordered by the "Board," for all the schools of a county, at $1 10. Address, J. D. CAMPBELL,
tf Greensborough, N. C.

Advertisements inserted at the same rates as heretofore.

THE CHRISTIAN SUN, SUFFOLK, VA., is published every Friday, at $1.50 per annum, in advance, Rev. W. B. WELLONS editor.

THE SUN is devoted to Religion, Morality, Temperance, Education and News, and is the organ of the Christian Church, South. As a religious and family paper it takes high ground, and is free from party and sectarian bigotry—open and independent in advocating the peculiar sentiments of the CHRISTIANS, but liberal and charitable towards Christians of all other denominations. Sketches of the Life and Character of many of the most prominent living men of Eastern Virginia will be continued though the approaching volume.

The 17th volume will commence on the 15th of April, at which time the paper will be ENLARGED and IMPROVED. New subscribers solicited from the liberal and charitable of all denominations. Address, W. B. WELLONS,
apr7-tf Suffolk, Va.

Educational.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The next session of this school will commence the First Monday in January, 1860, and continue for five months. We have in our employ a full corps of teachers, and no pains will be spared to promote the advancement of young ladies who may patronize us.
dec24-tf E. F. WATSON.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE.—The collegiate year of this institution begins on the Last Thursday in July, and ends on the Second Thursday in June.

TERMS PER SESSION OF TWENTY-ONE WEEKS: Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra,) $50; tuition $20, incidental tax $1, French $10, Latin or Greek $5; oil painting $20, other styles in proportion: music on piano $22 50, music on guitar $21, graduation fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

FACULTY: Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., president, and professor of natural sciences and belle-lettres; W. F. Alderman, A. M., treasurer, and professor of Latin and mathematics; Theo. F. Wolle, professor of music; W. C. A. Frerichs, professor of drawing, painting and French; Miss Bettie Carter, Miss Lizzie Mayhew, Miss Alla D. Clary, assistants in literary department; Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Fannie Ogburn, Miss Addie Sussdorff, assistants in music; Miss L. C. Van Vleck, teacher of guitar; Miss Josephine M. Flint, teacher of vocal music; Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Mrs. Kate Smith, boarding department.

UNIFORM, &c.: The winter uniform is mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets, trimmed with blue; summer, white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information address, T. M. JONES,
11-1y Greensboro, N. C.

Miscellaneous.

NEW STOCK OF HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, UMBRELLAS, &c.—I desire to invite the attention of country merchants and purchasers generally to my new stock of Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Umbrellas, Canes, &c., which is now very full and complete, comprising a great variety of styles and qualities suited to the spring and summer trade. The stock has been selected with great care from the most approved manufacturers, and is well adapted to the wants of this section of country, and will be offered at prices that cannot fail to please. JAMES E. WOLFF,
mrch24-1y No. 17 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

1860 .....SPRING TRADE..... 1860

THE MERCHANTS OF VIRGINIA.

North Carolina, and Tennessee, are earnestly requested to examine our stock of DRY GOODS for the ensuing season, consisting of a large assortment of

English and French Dress Goods for ladies,	
Irish Linens,	Worsted Cords,
Hlay Linens,	Cloths,
White Cambrics.	Farmer Drills,
Jaconets,	Dunlaps,
Swiss and Embroidered Muslins,	Cottonades,
	Vestings,
Brilliants,	Threads, Spool Cotton,
Alpaccas,	Italian Cloths,
Plain DeLaines,	Farmers' Satins,
Ginghams, Prints,	Hoosiery,
English and French Drap d'Etes,	

Linen, Cambric, Silk, Cotton and Gingham Handk'fs.

All of our own importation, and selected in the European markets in person by our experienced and judicious agent, Mr. WILLIAM BELL, formerly in the Dry Goods Jobbing business in this place. Also, a large and attractive stock of AMERICAN FABRICS, all of which we will sell to the trade as low and upon as favorable terms as they can be bought in any market in this country.

ELLETT & DREWRY
mrh31-6m No. 11 Pearl st., Richmond, Va.

Business Cards.

W. GRAYDON.....J. GRAYDON.....S. H. SEELEY.....W. A. SCOTT.

A. PERRY SPERRY, of North Carolina, with WM. GRAYDON & CO., importers and jobbers of Dry Goods, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay st., New York. 2-1y

FINLEY JOHNSON, being well known as a Writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write sermons, addresses, essays, presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the press, write acrostics, lines for albums, obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Post-office address, New York city. 107-tf

GEO. H. KELLY, BOOKSELLER, No. 27 Market street, Wilmington, N. C., keeps constantly on hand every variety of school books, miscellaneous books, blank books, drawing books, music books, foolscap and letter papers, ladies' note and billet paper, artist materials of all kinds, letter presses, letter copying drawing papers, lithographs for Grecian and oil paintings, sewing machines, and Comer sewing machines. All orders for any of the above articles promptly filled and forwarded by mail, railroad, or otherwise. jnly30-1y.

HECTOR DAVIS, Auctioneer and Commission Merchant for the sale of Negroes, Franklin st., Richmond, Va. Sells Negroes both publicly and privately, and pledges his best efforts to get the highest prices. nov31-3m p

J. J. CHAPLIN, BOOK-BINDER, at the old "Star" office (opposite the Presbyterian Church) Raleigh, N. C., respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity, that he will promptly attend to the binding of newspapers magazines, and periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms. jnn1-tf

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER, and dealer in Furniture, near the N. C. Railroad depot, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand or will make to order all kinds of cabinet-furniture, such as dressing-bureaus, wardrobes, washstands, cottage-bedsteads, coffins, &c. Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work, as he is confident from his past experience it cannot be excelled. Work delivered on board the cars free of charge. 127-1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL Purchasing and Commission Merchant, and dealer in pianos, melodeons, pumps, safes, sewing machines, &c., No. 147 Chambers street, New York. Commission for buying and forwarding, two and a half per cent. Also, sole proprietor of the American Pump, raising water in all depths under 15 feet, by hand. Also, publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. Carolina," "Southern Bishops," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c. *References:* McPheters & Gheselin, John B. Odom, Va.; Hon. John Bates, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillon, Washington; W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAnally, D.D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Story, Charleston, S. C.; Hon. W. A. Graham, Hon. J. W. Ellis, Hon. D. L. Swain, Charles F. Deems, D.D., North Carolina; Myatt & Toler, Ala. tf

J. W. WIGGINS, AGENT, (late of Raleigh, N. C.) General Commission and Produce Merchant, 15½ Sycamore street, Petersburg, Va. He will fill orders of every kind promptly. jan 14-1y

JOHN R. LONDON.....JOHN B. BRYAN,
Late of Wilmington, N. C. Late of Raleigh, N. C.

LONDON & BRYAN, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 32 India street, Boston, Mass., will devote their attention to the sale of naval stores, cotton, lumber, and Southern produce generally; also to purchasing and shipping all orders for goods, &c. We are prepared to extend the usual facilities to all consignments. dec17-6mp

O. S. BALDWIN, WILMINGTON, N. C., FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILOR, has secured the services of A CUTTER FROM PARIS, whose taste and ability, either on Civic or Military Work, will be appreciated by gentlemen who desire to keep pace with the mutations of Fashion.

OUR CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS,
purchased by the case, and of
OUR OWN IMPORTATION,
present an assortment specially attractive, and from which no gentleman, however fastidious, can fail to select an outfit for the season.

WORKMEN OF THE HIGHEST SKILL AND ABILITY are employed in our Manufacturing Department, and no expense is spared in producing, in their most attractive forms, all the minor details of a

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OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND WATCHMAKER, West-market street, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand a splendid stock of fine and fashionable jewelry of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral jewelry. He has also a stock of fine gold and silver watches. All repairing done in the best manner, and warranted. All persons wishing to purchase jewelry will do well to call on him before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market. aug1-tf

PORTER & GORRELL, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the drug business, with accuracy and dispatch. With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy stock on hand, which has been selected with unusual care, we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to physicians and others who may give us a call. Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable drugs. Special attention will be given to orders. tf

R. G. STAPLES, CARD-WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less written and forwarded, pre-paid for $1 50 per pack; cards of more than two lines $2 00 per pack, pre-paid to the address of those ordering. tf

ROWLAND & BROTHERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Norfolk, Va., are prepared to receive and dispose of advantageously any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience together with every facility and ability, enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for and refer to among others: P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan. Authorized agents for THE TIMES, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6-1y

R. L. DICKINSON, (successor to Binford, Dickinson & Weisiger,) manufacturers of all kinds of Silk and Fur Hats, and wholesale dealer in Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Children's Furs, No. 78 Main st., Richmond, Va. mrh31-1y

RICHARDSON & CO., deal exclusively in, and keep for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, at their ware-rooms, No. 95 Main st., Richmond, Va., all kinds of Carpetings, Mattings, Floor Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Curtain Goods, Window Shades, Table Oil Cloths, Piano and Table Covers, &c. They will have made to order Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Curtains and Shades. mrh 31-6m.p

WM. PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, Fayetteville street, Raleigh, will supply designs, working drawings, specifications and superintendence for churches, public and private buildings, etc. He respectfully refers to those by whom he has been engaged in this State: New Baptist Church committee, Raleigh; University building committee, Chapel Hill; new Court-house committee, Yanceyville, Caswell county; R. S. Tucker, W. M. Boylan, W. C. Harrison, Raleigh; W. S. Battle, Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe county, and others. All letters on business, addressed box 106, Raleigh, N. C., promptly attended to. tf

WILLIAM C. DONNEL, PHOTOGRAPHIST, Garrett's new building, is taking pictures at fifty cents and upwards. Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please, he makes no charge. 33-1y

J. E. WADSWORTH, D. B. TURNER, G. S. PALMER.

WADSWORTH, TURNER & CO., No. 18 Fourteenth st., Richmond, Va., wholesale dealers in foreign and domestic Dry Goods, and agents for the N. C. Rock Island Co., offer a very extensive stock of rich Fancy and Staple spring and summer Goods, which they will sell on as favorable terms as they can be purchased in any market in the United States. mr31-6mp

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the firm of COLE & AMIS must come forward and settle, as the books must be closed. feb11-tf.